1581.

DAVIDS SLING against great GOLIAH:

Conteining diuers notable Treatiſes, the names whereof follow next after the Epiſtle to the Reader:

by E. H.

Mat. 26, 41.

Watch and praie.

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Cum priuilegio Regiæ Maieſtatis.

To the Right Worshipful, *Sir George Calueley knight*, High Sheriffe of the Countie *Palantine of Chester: increase of Worship, &c.*

THe earth being the common mother and milchnurſſe of al liuing creatures, in due ſeaſon tilled, and diligentlie manured, yeldeth a much more plentiful crop of increaſe, if it might poſſiblie be meaſured, than euer at the hands of the husbandman in ſowing time it receiued. A pithie perſuaſion to thankfulnes, and ſuch a notable motiue to dutifulnes, as a better, no not the like can be deuiſed or imagined.

The conſideration whereof, Right Worſhipful, ſinking into mine vnderſtanding, and compared with the manifold curteſies, which continualie haue iſſued from you, to my no ſmal comfort

and commoditie, hath incenſed & ſet me on fire, though not as I would, yet as I could, to ſhew ſome manifeſt ſigne and argument, that I haue your Worſhips goodnes in freſh and dailie memorie: which although I dare not vow to requite, yet wil I do what I can in ſome reſpect to deſerue.

Vouchſafe therefore, Right Worſhipful, in the meane time, ſince I haue no pretious mines, to accept and like wel of this my ſimple mite: ſimple, I confeſſe in common valuation: but pretious, I dare auouch, in ſound iudgement and reaſon. A booke it is, which a kinſman of mine, not ſo neere as deere vnto me, at my vrgent requeſt beſtowed vpon me in writing, for my priuate vſe, and peculiar exerciſe.

Whereof when I had marked the commoditie, and ſawe that to communicate the ſame vnto the flocke of the faithful, were much better, and more thankſworthie, than to keepe it at home in my cofer impounded as my proper poſſeſſion, and portion of my patrimonie: I was won and perſuaded, at the importunate ſute and inſtance of ſundrie my truſtie friends, who vpon circumſpect peruſing of the ſame, gaue it due and deſerued commendation, to conſent and agree, *Authore ægrè ferente, & prorſus inuito*, that it

it ſhould be publiſhed for the common benefite of the multitude.

Verie loth I was, I ſpeake my conſcience, to offend my kinſman and friend in anie point of preſumption: and much more loath, I vtter my ſecret thought, to greeue anie godlie and deuout ſoule, by detaining anie thing, the vſe whereof might increaſe their comfort. But being aſſaulted, as I was, inceſſantlie, with vehement perſuaſions, and not able with al my fiue wits, to withſtand their weakeſt reaſon, I became willing to be ordered and ruled, as they by diſcretion might diſpoſe me, in ſo honeſt a requeſt.

The ſame not in writing, Right Worſhipful, as I had it: but in print, as you haue it, being the firſtlings of a Cheſhire wit, gathered in a famous ſeedplot of great learning and profound knowledge, I preſent vnto you with ſuch ſubmiſſion as beſeemeth an inferiour to his ſuperiour, a client to his Patrone, a welwiller to his benefactor.

Beſeeching you, of your accuſtomed courteſie, that as you haue from time to time beene, not onlie an earneſt fauourer, and furtherer of godlie and zealous men, but alſo a ſupporter and mainteiner of vertuous and Chriſtian meanings: ſo it would pleaſe you, with your title of credit and countenance, as with a ſhield,

to defend this religious worke, againſt the darts of the malicious: that vnderpropped with ſo ſtrong a piller, and armed with ſuch furniture of munition and defence; it may haue ſafe conduct and free paſſage, euen through the middeſt of Gods enimies, and ſo come to the hands of the wel diſpoſed and deuout.

Thus abruptlie concluding, I commit your Worſhip, & al yours, to the tuition and ſafegard of him, who neuer faileth his, the Lord God almightie, who as hitherto he hath, ſo hereafter he wil, euen til the daie of your death, I doubt not, bleſſe you with the dew of heauen, I meane his grace: wherevnto I ſay Amen.

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Your Worſhips
for ſundrie cauſes
moſt dutifullie bound,
WILLIAM BAKER.

The Epiſtle to the Reader.

OVr aduerſarie the diuel is ſo watchful a lion to deuoure man, that (as Peter ſpeaketh) he roreth and runneth about ſeeking by al meanes poſſible to deuoure him. This his greedines to ſwalowe vs, ought to be a ſufficient motiue to make man warie, and a forceable meane to raiſe him out of the dangerous bed of ſinne: wherein we dailie, yea, and almoſt hourelie commit ſpiritual fornication with the diuel.

Beſides this, at baptiſme our ſureties in our behalfe did make their proteſtation, before God the father, and mother Jeruſalem, that we ſhould leaue the whooriſh embracings of Satan, and marrie our ſelues in holines of life vnto Chriſt: no leſſe carefullie, than he in the vertue of the couenant mercifullie, did offer himſelfe with al his pretious iewels at baptiſme.

This marriage was ſolemnelie celebrated by God the father, in the wombe of the virgine

Marie: but at baptisme, we in our owne persons doe as it were ratifie it: protesting that Christ shalbe our husband, and that from that time, we wil take our farewel of the deuel, the world, the flesh, and al our enimies.

Thus being married before such witnesses, we can not reclame our league of chastitie, vnles we will haue God himselfe, and our mother the Church, and Christ himselfe, with al his holie espouses to beare witnes of condemnation against vs, to the ioie of Satan our capital aduersarie.

And therefore, where the diuel is called a dragon with seuen heads, for his subtiltie: and ten hornes, for his crueltie: and man is dust and ashes, by nature prone to euil, and therefore vnable to withstand him: it behoueth him to take that for his weapon, which may keepe him safe from the inuasion of Satan: and vse that remedie, whereby he may preserue himselfe from periurie, and that is praier.

Wherefore, when man is enuironed with enimies, when a guiltie conscience warreth against him: when the world by falsehood, and the flesh by her allurements is about to deceiue him: then it standeth him vpon, to take praier in hand, that he may be able to conquer al those monstrous Hydraës, or rather deceitful whores, which trim and furnish themselues some waie or other, to make Christ our Sauiour a widowe.

And truelie, if that man would deepelie consider with himselfe, either that he is a periu-

red

red person that giueth place to the diuel: or that he doth to his power make Christ a weeping widowe, as cursed Ierusalem did: or that Satan, by trapping him in his whoorish tricks, did vtterlie vndoe him: it would not onlie inuite him, but euen enforce him to praier, which is the onlie meane, that is able to keepe vs true and faithfull wiues to Christ Iesus.

And therefore the Lord our gratious Sauiour weighing with himselfe, not so much mans naughtines, for the which he deserueth a diuorcement: as Satans wonderous policie, and his mothers wombe, wherein he married vs, and baptisme, wherein he doth apparel vs with his righteousnes, as glorious brides: least that we should plue the harlots to our owne harme, whom he had bought with his pretious blood; he willeth, and as it were beseecheth vs, to take praier, and so to seeke assistance, that we may liue chaste from al sinne, euen his for euer.

Come vnto me, saith he, al ye that are heauie and laden, and I will refresh you. Behold, notwithstanding our diuers and sundrie fornications committed with Satan: yet the Lord our gratious husband calleth vs vnto him, as not willing to diuorce vs: and inuiteth vs to praier, that knowing and acknowledging our owne weakenes, to withstand the whoorish entisements of the diuel, we may desire him our head to helpe and assist vs.

And trulie, as for praier, we ought so much the more readilie to vse it, because by it wee

pearse the heauens, because by it we come into the Groomes chamber, and flie as with wings into the lap of our louing husband Iesus. And what honest wife would not flie to her husband, when an harlot seeketh to abuse her?

Sith therefore Satan, euen from the wombe, by harlotish trippings seeketh to withdrawe vs from so louing an husband, as Christ Jesus, who shed his owne pretious hart blood to redeeme vs: then, whensoeuer he attempteth to trap vs, it shal be our best safetie, to leape into his wounds, and to runne into his bosome by faithful praier, that being married to him in the vertue of the couenant, we may continue chaste to the end.

Otherwise, if being tempted, we suffer him to ouertempt vs: we shew our selues not onelie despisers of his blood, but also prophaners of so holie a marriage, which was kept by the blessed Trinitie in the wombe of the virgin Marie.

And with what face shal we present our selues before so louing an husband, as Iesus Christ, at the daie of iudgement, if that we yeeld here to the intising duel, and doe not by continual and hartie praier aske assistance, that we may continue as chaste wiues, to liue with him in ioie for euer?

Wherefore, where Christ our husband crieth, Come: if we wil be counted his wiues, and no whoores, let vs without lingering, alwaies repaire vnto him in faithful praier, and let vs

talke

talke with him in his glorious chamber, and beseech him, as he is a louing husband, that he wil take pitie vpon vs, and bestowe vpon vs the gift of spiritual chastitie, that so we may be defended from the whoorish Pharao, who goeth about by al meanes to make him a desolate widowe.

But if man be striken downe with the lawe, and the temptation of his vnworthines withdrawe him from presenting his praiers to the maiestie of God: then must he consider the cursed Canaanite, who being a cur dog, by the testimonie of Christ, yet making her appeale vnto him, found some crums of comfort at his hands, and so was exalted to the childrens table: looke vpon this example, and let this suffice. The vse of the booke I commit to thy discretion, to applie the same vnto thy soule, for the succour of the same in necessitie, and to thy bodie, as occasion is ministred.

Farewel in Christ.

E. H.

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DAVIDS SLING
against great
Goliah.
The 1. Morning
praier.

Most Gracious GOD, the Father of al happineſſe, and fountaine of al goodnes: ô welſpring of mercie, that art wont beyond merit to diſplaie the banners of thy fauor, and vnlocke the cloſet of thy benefits, not onelie to the needie Adamite, but generalie to al: I am a curſed Canaanite, euen

euen a dog vnwœrthie to ſit at the table of thy children, or to wait for the crums & ofskum of their meat, ô Lord. But notwithſtanding al this, my Lord and my God, I hope thou wilt not whip me out of thy houſe, but of a dog make me thy child by adoption in thy ſon Chriſt, who came into this thornie world like a morning ſtarre, to guide all ſtraieng dogs to their maiſters palace. The woman of Canaan, ſhe confeſſed hirſelfe a dog, Paul was a Saul, ſuch a cur dog as ſought by his teeth to teare the lambes of thy paſture, ô Lord: both theſe dogs did wander in the night of errour, and ſtraie from thee their maiſter, to Satan thine enimie,

emmie, and their aduerſarie. But thy ſonne, mine onlie ioie, of meere mercie became a ſtar to conduct them againe vnto thee: and ſo I truſt thou wilt deale with me, ô God of comfort, and father of mercie. I do not doubt but that as I wander in the field of vanitie, ſo thou wilt recal me by the light of thy Goſpel, by the beames of thy ſunne to thine houſe, there to dwel with thee for euer, Amen.

The 2. Morning praier.

WHat is this world, ô Lord? it is euil, it is a palace of vaine pleaſure, a cage of iniquitie, or rather a lumpe

lumpe of miſerie. And what am I Lord? what am I but a friende of this preſent euil world, and an enimie to thee? what am I but a child of wrath, and ſonne of darknes, ſo glued to ſinne, and limed with iniquitie, that my bodie is a bodie of ſinne? What then ſhal I do? ſhal the mountaine of ſinne oppreſſe me? or the world with the baites of vanitie ſo choke me, that I ſhal neuer like an egle flie to the carcaſe? nor be able to crie for helpe to thee the onelie morning ſtar, which art woont to ſpread foorth the beames of comfort vnto the needie in time of extremitie? O Lord giue me wings of faith to flie vnto thee, and powre vpon

vpon me the dew of thy bleſ-
ſing, that I may bud and beare
the fruit of holineſſe, through
the operation of thy gratious
beames. Giue me thy grace,
that I faile not in my vocation,
that I may do good, and eſchew
euil, and ſo make good that
vow, which I made vnto thee
in baptiſme before beloued
Sion. Saue me from falling, &
ſtay my feete from ſlipping, by
thy holie word, which is the
glaſſe of thy wil, & a lanterne
to al them that walke in dark-
nes, that being guided ouer
this miſtie world, I may arriue
at the land of promiſe and
palace of reſt in a
liuelie faith,
Amen.

The 3. Morning praier.

Wretch that I am, who ſhal deliuer me from this bodie of ſinne? oh what ſhal I doe? ſhal I ſaie with Cain, that mine iniquities are greater than can be remitted? ſhal the miſt of mine iniquities choke mę? ſhal the ſurging waues of mounting ſinne drowne me? or ſhal I ſinke in the pit of deſperation? no: I wil not. For the ſunne of mercie can diſperſe the thicke miſt and great cloud of mine iniquitie: the parching beame of thy ſonne, ô Lord, is not onlie able to calme, but alſo to drie vp the angrie floud of ſinne: and

and ſo to daſh the ſhip of Satan that diueliſh pirate againſt the ſands. So that no ſtorme of the diuel ſhal ouerturne me, no raging blaſt of ſinne ſhal diſmaie me, no thundercracke of biting conſcience ſhal ſinke the little barke of my weake faith, which is grounded vpon a rocke, and ouercommeth the world. Indeede if I were left to my ſelfe, then were there no waie but ſinking and ſhipwracke: but thanks be to thee, ô gratious God for it, thou haſt not left me to my ſelfe to wade in the gulfe of deſperation: but thou haſt ſpred foorth the beames of thy mercie, and by the heate of thy charitie dried the gulfe, and kept mee from dan-

danger: to thee therefore be al glorie, Amen.

The 4. Morning praier.

THe glorious face of the ſunne, which ſheweth it ſelfe, & caſteth his beams ouer the whole world, I take it for an argument and earneſt penie of thy good wil toward thy children: in the number of whome I account my ſelfe, though chiefe of ſinners, and not worthie to loſe the latchet of thy ſonnes ſhoo. For if we enioie ſuch a benefite in this ſtrange countrie togither with thine enimies: then what ioious ſights, what ſtore of thy goodnes ſhal we reape in our natu-

natural countrie, the blisful land of Canaan, where we shal not see this worldlie sunne and eie of the world, but thee, euen thee, good Lord, face to face, the sunne of glorie, and onelie starre of maiestie? Such ioies, ô Lord, shal we haue in the beholding of thee, as neither eie hath seene, nor eare heard, nor hart euer conceiued. Such ioies, I saie, as passe the reach, not onelie of man, but also of Angels and Archangels to esteeme of. Blessed are the doore keepers of this house of ioie, where thou, ô Lord, the sunne of righteousnes dost most clearelie spread foorth the beames of thy diuine maiestie. Ah! how long shal I liue

liue in priſon? how long ſhal I iournie in this bodie of ſinne, before I ſee thee? Lord, let thy kingdome come. Come Lord Ieſus, come I beſeech thee: Amen.

The 1. Euening *praier.*

O Lord, it is of mercie without merit that I am a branch of the vine Ieſus: that I am thy houſe, and temple of thy holie Ghoſt. It is of iuſtice that thou haſt appointed thine houſe to be a place of praier: and of dutie therefore that we ſhould pray vnto thee. For this, ô Lord, I thanke thee, that

that thou haſt made me thy child to lodge thee : and I acknowledge that of dutie I am bound to ſerue thee. But giue me, ô Lord, the grace of thy ſpirit to conduct mee in the waie of thy wil, clenſe or create a new hart within me, that I may be a fit lodging for thee, and yeeld vp the ſauourie ſacrifice vnto thee, which thou requireſt of euerie Chriſtian, I meane the ſacrifice of praier, the ſacrifice of the hart, which ſauoureth ſweetelie vnto thee. And at this time, in hope of the aſſiſtance of thy ſpirit, I deſire thee, that as thou haſt of mercie couered me this daie vnder thy wings of ſafetie : ſo thou wilt defend and keepe me this night

night from ſtorming Satan, who is woont, not onlie by day but alſo and that eſpeciallie by night, to vndermine man, when his ſenſes are fettered in bands of reſt. But I doe hope, good Lord, that as I am then moſt vnable to withſtand the buffets of Satan, ſo thou wilt be moſt readie to ſuccour me: partlie bicauſe thereby thou ſhalt vnlocke the rich cheſt of thine infinite mercie, and partlie bicauſe thou loueſt euerie thing, which thy hands haue made. I wil laie mee downe therefore in hope of thy protection, to whom be al glorie,

Amen.

The

The 2. Euening praier.

O Moſt mightie and wiſe God, powre into mee abundantlie the oile of thy grace: vnfetter my ſtammering tongue, that I may vtter; and vnrip the ſtrings of my blind and wan hart, that I may ſufficientlie conceiue the infinitenes of thy fauour vnto me. But what ſhould I ſaie of thine infinite goodnes, which thou haſt ſhewed vpon me? where ſhal I begin, or where ſhal I end to diſcourſe of thy mercie? I was nothing: and what did mooue thee to make mee a man endued with reaſon? and why not a tree, a frog, a beaſt?

I am brought to a nonplus, ô Lord, what ſhal I ſaie ? I did diſgrace thy goodnes, and doe deface by my dailie ſinnes the image of innocencie, ſo that I was not onlie borne wrapped in damnable eſtate, but alſo daily incur the danger of damnation: and yet doeſt thou vnderprop me in the promiſed ſeede, in that bleſſed ſeede of Abraham, euen thine own and one onlie beloued ſonne Ieſus Chriſt, by whom thou haſt redeemed mee. My bodie and ſoule were maruelouſly eclipſed for want of grace, and are dailie filthied in the puddle of iniquitie, the reward whereof was death. But what mooued thee, I being a caſtawaie, euen thine

thine vtter enimy to waſh and bathe me in the ſtreame of thy ſonnes pretious blood? I cannot tel, good Lord, it was thy mercie: to thee therefore be the glorie both now and euer, Amen.

The 3. Euening praier.

O Good GOD, the ſun is gon downe, the web of this day is ſpun almoſt, and night is at hand. After day ſuccedeth night, after light darknes, after faire weather a cloudie firmament, and frowning element. There is a myſterie locked in this, good God: for thereby thou doeſt leſſen vs of our mortalitie. Our birth and

life is like the daie : our death is like the night: as the daie perisheth, so doth our life vanish with the vapour : and as night succeedeth the daie, so death followeth life, the terme and period of these our daies. O sweet Iesus of thy mercie beat this lesson into my head, and roote it in my hart, and take awaie the vaile of my mind, that I may not onelie knowe and acknowledge, but howrelie remember, that I am mortal. For it would be a bridle to restraine me from ranging licentiouslie, and a spur to incite me to liue holilie al the continuance of this my pilgrimage. Thy spirit hath spoken it : Remember thine end, and thou shalt

ſhalt neuer periſh. Giue mee therefore thy grace, that I may remember faithfulie the night of this my bodie, when I ſhal ſleepe in the boſome of the earth, til ỹ trumpet ſhal ſound & cal me to iudgement. Helpe me, Lord, before this night: Lord ſaue me, or elſe I periſh, Amen.

The 4. Euening praier.

O Louing Lord of labouring and laden hartes, looke downe with the eie of thy pitie, ſee the altar of the croſſe, where thy ſonne, thine onelie beloued babe is ſlaughtered. Behold, ô father of heauen, his hands and feete

bored, his head crowned with thornes, his thirſt quenched with vineger, his ſide wounded, and ſtreaming blood: attend, deere father, the crie of his bloodie ſweat, his long faſting, his great patience, his bodie racked and crucified, al crie vnto thee for mercie, for mercie: father, ô father fauour and pardon him. This is the trumpeter of ioy, this is he that bloweth the blaſt of comfort and ſoules ſolace: heare him, heare, ô Lord: attend not my life, mark not my ſteps, for my life is vnſauourie, and my ſteps are crooked: let the crie of thy bleeding babe moue thee to mercie, and put thee in mind of thy couenant, that in him al the

the nations of the world ſhuld be bleſſed. Bleſſe me, ô Lord, better me with the dew of thy bleſſings, and let the drops of thy ſonnes blood, by a liuelie faith, diſtil into my hart, and fructifie it with workes woorthy repentance, I beſeech thee, Amen.

A praier for al times against the power of *Satan.*

THe diuel, ô Lord, like a roring lion, runneth about, in euerie corner he lurketh, and euer he gapeth to deuoure the lambs of thy paſture. He is an enimie not onlie redie to deuoure vs, but al-

ſo able to catch vs in the ſnare of iniquitie againſt thy diuine maieſtie. For dailie do we eate the ſower grape of nature, and ſauor of vnſeaſoned & rotten Adam, in whoſe ſinful act we are wrapped by deſert in condemnation, and becom bondſlaues of Satan, vnleſſe thou, ô Lord, do ſeaſon our harts with the oile of thy grace, and waſh vs in the water of thy mercie, that being clenſed from ſinne, and made as white as ſnowe with the merits of thy ſonne, the deuil may loſe his title, and forget his obligation that hee had againſt vs, & we be quitted from his tyrannie. We beſeech thee therefore, ô gratious father of heauen, with thy power

power to bridle Satan, and in thy mercie to beare with vs, with thy might to maſter him, and in thy grace to graffe vs in Ieſus the liuely vine of mercie, that growing in him, no ſtorm may be able to toſſe and ouerturn vs, we beſech thee, Amen.

Another.

DAilie, ô Lord, doe wee paſſe the limits of thy wil: wee ſinne at the leaſt ſeuen times a daie, and pledge mother Eue in the dregs of nature. This is the frailtie of the fleſh, and this is the weakenes of al Adams iſſue: a miſerable caſe, ô Lord, vnles in thy mercie thou wilt wrap vs, and couer the nakedneſſe of nature with ỹ white raiment of grace,

that we being thine, may neuer despaire for anie brunt of storming Satan, be it neuer so perilous. LORD saue vs, in thy mercie saue vs, haue pitie and compassion vpon vs, and marke not our steps, which are crooked, but cast the eie of thy fauour vpon thy sonne Christ, who was content to suffer the bleeding paines of the crosse to satisfie thy wrath, and to deliuer vs from the sting of an hellie conscience. We beseech thee therefore, ô louing Lord, not to obserue our iniquities, but to wash vs from the guiltines of sinne in the flood of thy mercies, and so to saue vs, that being dead in iniquitie, and yet saued of thine infinite pi-

tie,

tie, we may giue al glorie vnto thee, and ſing with our mother the Churdh, that ſaluation onlie belongeth to thee, Amen.

A praier for al afflicted Chriſtians.

GReat are the troubles of the righteous, ô Lord, and manie they be that ariſe againſt thee and thine annointed, like wolues to teare them, and butchering Herods to behead and diſpatch them. Euen for thy ſake, ô Lord, are thy children brought to the ſlaughterhouſe, for the teſtimonie of thy truth are they tied in bands, and beaten with wands dailie. Vp Lord, ariſe and

and ſtrike thine enimies vpon the cheek bone, lift vp thy rod of iron, and daſh the vnſauourie and ſowet veſſels of iniquitie in peeces, with the fan ſcatter the chaffe, and gather thy corne into the garner of ioie. Let it be beaten, but let it not be broozed with the threſhold of this tyrannous wolfe, that being freed from the chaffe of nature, and ſeuered from the cockle of euil liuers, it may be found with the loſt grote, and laid vp in thy treaſure of eternal pleaſure for euer. Doe thy good wil, ô gratious God, beat them, beat them and buffet vs ſharpelie, ô Lord, ſo thou ſaue vs of thy mercie, and plucke vs out of danger by the hand of thy

thy mightie power, prop vs with thy power, that we may magnifie thee for thy mercie, Amen.

Another.

THE mountaines of this worlde are manie and mightie, ô Lord, and little is the flocke of thy ſheepe. The mountaines are parched with furie againſt thy congregation, to preſſe with the weight of their tyrannie the babes of thy familie. Awake therefore, ô Lord, ſleepe not, ſlumber not, but awake and defeate their imagined miſchiefe, as thou haſt promiſed, that they that truſt in thee ſhal bee as mount Sion, which cannot be remœoued. Suffer them to beat

vs.

vs, that we might liue godlilie in thee: but ſo let them buffet vs, that they neuer ouermaſter vs, that according to thy promiſe, as mount Sion, we may not be mœued. Giue vs grace to truſt in thee whatſoeuer betide vs, and neuer to ſtart from thee, whatſoeuer ſmart we ſuffer, that continuing to the end, we may be bleſſed with thee for euer. And for the mountains of this world, either euen them with the vallie and babes of thy familie, or elſe pare and parch them with the beames of thy iudgment. Thy wil be don ô Lord, thy kingdom come, and ſaue vs, we beſeech thee,

Amen.

A praier for the Queene.

O Louing God, we thanke thee for the great care, which thou haſt ouer thy Church. She hath bene toſſed with the waues of this world, and the preaching of thy word did ſuffer ſhipwrack: but now ô Lord, now of meere mercie thou haſt repaired the broken hart of Ieruſalem, and gladdened our harts with the wine of comfort. For thou haſt appointed a mother ouer Sion, to cheriſh and defend her from al her ſtorming aduerſaries: ſo that by her meanes we are freed from the ſlauerie of the Romiſh

miſh Pharao, and ſalued from the ſore of hereſies, wherewith thy deere eſpouſe was greeuouſlie troubled. O Lord continue this weedehooke in her hand, that ſhe may throughlie cleanſe thy garden. Let thy wil and gratious pleaſure bee her ſcepter and target, againſt the frowning band of cloudie Sauls. Alwaies pitch about her the tents of thy fauour, that no euil betide her, or danger annoie her. Clip her in thy ſweet armes, and kiſſe her in mercie, and be not angrie with her, but continue her a fauourable nurſe to little Dauid, that he may growe in faith and holines, til he be a perfect man in Chriſt Ieſus. Lord ſaue her in

thy

thy mercie, and deliuer her from al euil, Amen.

A praier for al Magiſtrates.

CRooked is the way of al fleſh, ô father of heauen, and ouerplẽtious wold the haruest of weedie nature be, vnles it were lopped and miniſhed by the weedehooke of thy magiſtrates, whom thou haſt appointed as gods vnder thee to keepe thy garden clene from al noiſome and ſtinking hearbes. Clenſe them, ô Lord, and plant a new ſpirit within them, that aboue al things fauouring thy Goſpel, they may bend al their endeuours to the che-

cherishing of thy holy Church, and maintenance of the truth, without the which no man shal liue and see thee. Giue them grace to labour diligentlie in thy vineyard, to mowe downe the harueſt of sinne, & neither for feare or flatterie to start backe from their dutie: but without al discouragement to vse thy wil as an axe, to cut downe the roote that withereth, and beareth nothing but a perished stocke, and barren branches: that ỹ dead boughs of iniquitie being broken off, the branches of thy sonne Iesus may without let or hinderance spread foorth the sweete leaues of thy sauourie grace, and beare in hart the fruits of thankes-

thankesgiuing, which is pleasant and acceptable in thy sight, Amen.

A generall confession of sinnes.

FAther ADAM, ô Lorde, gaue the first onset, & none of vs his children haue broken the araie. The serpent counselled, Eue gaue the apple to Adam, and so both sinned against thy diuine maiestie. As for vs the natural branches of this rotten stocke, one of the same stampe shal speake: We are borne in sinne, and conceiued in iniquitie: so that we be damned by merit, before we be borne. But yet, ô Lord,

Lord, we confeſſe it, to our comfort, and thy glorie, that thou haſt concluded al vnder ſinne, that thou mighteſt haue mercie on al, and al glorie be giuen to thee. We confeſſe our ſelues loſt, we are loſt grotes, and loſt ſheepe: but this is the ſole ioie of our harts, that thy ſonne came to ſeeke & to ſaue that was loſt. So that, though we be loſt in our ſelues, yet we are found in thy ſonne, who came into this world to ſaue ſinners. This is thy vndeſerued goodnes, ô Lord, to loue thine enimies, to ſaue vs that haue, euen from the womb, rebelled againſt thy diuine maieſtie, euen before we were borne to ſaue vs, by the death of thine

onelie

onelie begotten ſonne, and to prepare a ioious kingdome for vs, before the beginning of the world. Therfore, ô Lord, what ſhal we crie but ſhame, ſhame vpon vs, an axe to the roōt, and an axe to vs al the withered branches of rotten Adam by deſert. For glorie and power, dominion and maieſtie, ſaluation and mercie is onlie thine, and of thee: of the which mercie ſaue vs we beſeech thee, Amen.

Another.

WE are al publicans, ô Lord: open the eares of thy fauor vnto our crie, and haue mercie vpon vs, haue mercie vpon vs. We ſinne dailie, but yet ſaue vs of thy pitie, ſaue

ſaue vs, oh ſaue vs, and ſhew thy compaſſion vpon vs. Let vs not die a Iudas death, let vs neuer tune the doleful ſong of Cain: but ingraue in our harts a ful & liuelie faith in thee, that neuer doubting of thy bountious mercie, we may with a free conſcience ſet Satan at defiance, and al his helliſh band. Pitiful Ieſu heare this our crie, and fence vs with thy grace againſt the gaping diuel, who roreth of crueltie, and lurketh in euerie corner of malicious ſubtiltie, to trap and to ſnare, to take and to teare vs with the clawes of his furie and mercileſſe enuie. Fence vs with faith againſt him, ô Lord: laie the plaiſter of com-

fort

fort to our wounded conſciences,& couer vs with the wings of thy fauour, that we may liue and die in thee, and ſo be bleſſed, Amen.

A praier for humilitie.

IT is thine owne leſſon, ô Sauiour Ieſus: Be humble & meeke,as I am: it is thy word alſo: My ſheepe heare my voice. But Lord, what ſhal I doe? the fleſh is proud, I dailie rebel againſt thy holie wil, I enuie my ſuperiours,I loue not mine equals, I deſpiſe mine inferiours. This is the fruit of the fleſh, ô Lord. Death,death:but thou art loue and

and life, ô louing Ieſus. And therefore I beſeech thee, of thy tender loue, to pitie me, to indue me with the ſpirit of humblenes, that being pœore in ſpirit, I may with the little ones of thy kingdome be bleſſed, and liue for euer. O Lord, for the auoidance of pride, giue mee thy grace to conſider, that by it an Angel became a diuel, and man was excommunicate from the paradiſe of pleaſure. Deſire of ſouereigntie begate the diuel, ſinne, death & damnation: ſo that out of it, as a moſt filthie puddle, iſſued a whole ſea of miſchiefe and miſerie. Of this cup of pride father Adam dranke, when by his diſobedience hee loſt thy fauour,

fauour, and by the taſte of an apple thought to be thy comate in knowing of good and euil. Giue me thy grace, not onlie to conſider this, but alſo fully to digeſt it, that deteſting it as a venemous viper, I may in humblnes of hart ſerue thee holilie and ſoundlie without hypocriſie, who art a paterne of lowlines, and a mirrour of humilitie, continualie to be looked vpon, and truelie to be folowed. O life, and louer of ſoules, giue me grace alwaies to heare, & hearing thy words to folowe thee, Amen.

Another for charitie.

O Infinite charitie, thou ſonne of God, to whom the father hath ſurren-

dred al power in heauen and earth : I haue offended thee moſt greuouſly,& indangered my ſelfe deſperatly.For,charitie, ô charitie thou ſhalt iudge the world in equitie, & I haue not charity abiding within me. I loue for gaine, I hate mine enimies,I pray not for them that curſe and ſpeake euil of me, I haue enough of thy benefites, and yet haue I ſpared nothing for Lazarus,and therein I haue ſinned againſt thee, ô eternal charitie,& incurred the peril of thy iuſt iudgments. Is there no remedie, ô charitie, but muſt iudgment be giuẽ againſt me? is al thy blood ſpent? are al thy teares drie? haſt thou none to waſh me? Correct me not, ô charitie,

charitie, in thy iudgment or fu-
rie, neither chastise me in thine
anger: but dele with me accor-
ding to thy wonted mercie. In
charitie, in thy loue vnmerited,
ô blessed charitie, haue mercie
vpon me, & quit me from a re-
plieng conscience, & the court
of the diuel. For else, ô charitie,
wil mine owne life reclaime a-
gainst me, & craue damnation
for mine vncharitable conuer-
sation. Pitious God therefore,
I beseech thee, for thy bloodie
sweate, in thy bottomles pitie,
drowne my transgressions, ad-
opt me thy brother, & giue me
thy holie spirites testimonie as
a gage and earnest of mine ad-
option, that being freed from
sinne, I may serue thee with a

free conſcience, in hope & an vnwauering faith in thy mercies, Amen.

A praier for the mortification of the fleſh.

O Lord, the kingdome of the fleſh is verie ſtrong: ſo ſtrong, that I am not able to withſtand it. For in me, that is, in my fleſh, dwelleth no good thing: and ſo infectious is the palſie of the fraile fleſh, that vnles thou, ô Lord, doe ſeaſon it, there is no waie but to incur the peril of a mortal plague. I beſeech thee therfore, ô father of heauen, in the name of thy ſonne Chriſt, to deliuer me of this terrible reward

ward of ſinne, to qualifie with the ſalt of thy grace our vnſauourie fleſh, and to ſweeten our viperous and vile nature with the oile of thy ſpirit, that fighting manfullie vnder our captaine Michaël againſt the dragon, we may not onelie wage battel, or ſubdue, but alſo crucifie the old man, hand, foote, head, hart, euen ỹ whole kingdome of Satan the prince of vtter darknes: that the diuel being battered downe, and the old Adam driuen out of our harts, we may offer vp our bodies as liuely ſacrifices vnto thee, without anie ſent of ſtinking nature. For this, ô Lord, is acceptable in thy ſight, that being tranſfourmed into thee

in newnes of life, we may be fit temples for thy holie ſpirit, to dwel and abide in. Mortifie therefore the flaming fleſh, ô Lord, and appeaſe the waues of our wanton nature, that we may be euen as thou willeſt: holie as thou art holie, Amen.

Another.

WHat ſhal I doe, ô gracious God? for I am borne of fleſh, the very affection whereof is death. Shal I die? ſhal the frame of thy hands be deſtroied? no, Lord. For thy mercies ſake remember thy promiſe: Aske and haue. I aske, ô Lord, I aske: mercie do I aske, I deſire thee in the bowels of thy ſonne Chriſt to regenerate me a ſpiritual man, that being

being borne anewe, not of flesh, nor of blood, nor of the wil of man, but of thy spirit, by the power of thy word, I may be consecrate a priest vnto thee. O Lord and louer of holines, guide me in the waie of thy wil, that I wander not in vanitie, which thou abhorrest, and canst not abide. Thou hatest sinne, and al the workers of iniquitie: and vnles we repent, as father Baptist said, we shal al for our sinnes suffer the rod of thy iustice. Giue mee therefore the sword of thy spirit, that I may cut off the eare of Malchus, and then be healed by the plaister of grace. Apparel me with thy heauenlie truth, and arme me with thy

holie word, that in time of combate I may be able to cut off the desperate assaults of the sinful flesh: Amen, ô Lord, Amen, I saie vnto thy wordes: Aske and thou shalt haue. In mercie performe thy promise, ô eternal veritie, and giue me grace not to doubt thereof, Amen.

A praier for the obteining of grace.

O LORD, I am thy sheepe, thy hands haue facioned me: a lost sheepe I am, that haue wandered past the pasture of thy wil, into the brode field of vanitie. As thou hast framed mee therefore of thy

thy goodnes, to recal me from ſtraieng by the voice of thy mercie. Giue mee grace to heare thee, hearing to come vnto thee, comming to folowe thee, and folowing thee the waie to heauen and doore of glorie, euer to beare about me the pearle of grace, and neuer to decline from the rule of thy wil. Keepe me from the pit of ſinne, ynderprop me from falling into the ditch of iniquitie by the hand of thy fauour, and fence me with grace, the buckler of thy mercie, that I may defeate Satans wilineſſe, and repel the blowes of frowning ſinne, & a cloudie conſcience. O Lord, let grace through the pipe or chanel of thy mercie

diſtil into the veſſel of my barren hart, that being moiſtened with the dew of thy gratious bleſſings, & ſoftened me with the ſpirit of thy goodnes, I may lodge thee the bleſſed Trinitie linked in an indiſſoluble knot of vnitie, to the reparation of the image of grace, & recouerie of diſgraced nature, Amen.

Another.

IT is thy gratious wil, ô God of mercie, that al men ſhould be ſaued. It is not thy wil, ô pitious Ieſu, that anie ſheepe of thy paſture ſhould be deuoured, or anie creature periſh, which thou of thy goodnes haſt framed. And therefore, ô louer of man, and loue it ſelfe, I a poore wretched ſinner, that haue

haue a long time paſtured in the brode waie of iniquitie, yet hearing thee continualie, and that of mercie calling: Come vnto me: doe come vnto thee for grace and mercie againſt merited cõdemnation. Grace, Lord, grace is al my ſute. For I am a plaine caſtawaie: and by thouſands more wretched than the crawling worme of the earth, vnles thou bedecke me with the garment of grace, and marie me in thy mercies promiſed to the houſe of Dauid. Lap me therefore, ô Father of heauen, in thy white raiment, and apparel my nakednes with the wouen coate of thy grace, that Satan finding no ſeame in my wedding garment.

garment, may not be able in anie reſpect to rip vp my falts before thee at the daie of thy viſitation. This doe, ô gratious Ieſu, clip mee in thy ſweete armes, and bow downe thy head to kiſſe me in mercie, and be not angrie for my ſins: but drowne them in thy pretious blood, for thine owne ſake, I beſeech thee, Amen.

A praier for patience in affliction.

O Fountane of comfort, ô ſtreamie welſpring of vndeſerued mercie: behold moſt gratious GOD and louing father, I beſeech thee, me thy poore creature. Behold,

Behold, Lord, I am a worme and no man: the buls of Basan impale me round about, the diuel like an hungrie lion roreth and gapeth to dispatch me, and the flesh like a venemous viper seeketh to sting me. Good God behold, behold me, and fortifie thy seruant, thine owne handie worke, against the stormie blasts of the enimie. Patience, patience, ô Lord: adorne me with patience, and seale vp in my hart the remission of my sinnes, by the testimonie of thy holie spirit, that being holden vp by the anchor of a liuelie hope in thy sufficient merits, I may be able to indure the end of this my combat, which vnder thy banners

banners I preſentlie doe ſuſteine. Moſt mightie Michaël, fence thy child againſt the traiterous rebels of this world, which do nothing elſe but diſmember the babes of thy familie, and prophane thy pretious paſſion. Be thou vpon my ſide, that no enimie may preuaile againſt me: Lord in thee haue I truſted, let me neuer be confounded, I beſeech thee for thine owne merits, Amen.

Another.

THere is no victorie without fighting, nor anie crowne without victorie: giue mee therefore power, ô Lord, that fighting valiantlie, I may bee crowned gloriouſlie in heauen, with thee to liue for euer.

euer. Miniſter ſtrength vnto mee, that I may ouermaiſter mine enimies: and giue mee the ſpirit of patience, that continuing to the end, I may be found and taken as a faithful ſouldiour of thy ſonne Ieſus, and ſo be bleſſed. Let me not faint in feare, but let me fight in a liuelie faith, which ouermatcheth the whole worlde. Plant me a natural branch, by the power of thy word, in the vine Ieſus: and make me able to endure euerie cracke. Let no canker of ſinne eate me, let no worme of a burnt conſcience gnaw me, let no blaſt of the world ouerturne me: but ſtaie me vp with thy mightie hand, and be euer at mine elbowe,

bowe, that I may be crowned, though I be crossed, and saued though now sowsed in extreame tyrannie. In this is al my hope: for surely, of my selfe I am but a vapour, a worme: I am borne of a woman in sin, a sinful child by nature, and to my power wage battel with Satan, against my selfe, to mine vtter vndoing, ô Lord, vnlesse thou regenerate me, and assist me with thy spirit, to mine abilitie alwaies to resist the diuel: which do, ô gratious God, I beseech thee, Amen.

A praier in time of persecution.

O Lord, whither shal I flie? or to whom shal I go? I am in Peters ship,

ſhip, the winds rage & blowe, the ſeas riſe and roare, the ſurging and angrie waues daſh againſt the ſhip. Oh, what ſhal I doe? for thou art aſleepe, ô Ieſus: ô maiſter ariſe, or elſe I periſh. Pharao is at my heeles, the red ſea before my face: how ſhal I eſcape? whither ſhal I flie? O gratious Lord, make me a waie through the ſea, before I periſh: & drowne Pharao, my deadly Saule, with al his companie. Remember thy couenant, ô God of truth, that thou wouldſt be with me, and al thy tender chickens to the end of the world, to couer and ſaue me & them from the roring lion, vnder the wings of thy mercie. This is the wing

that

that holdeth me vp in the aër of comfort, that I may flie like an egle aloft to the carcaſe in time of neceſſitie. Lodge me, ô Lord, in the boſome of comfort, and imbrace me betwene thine armes in ſafety, that thou being with me, no man may preuaile againſt me: no not the dragon with his Angels, whom thou the true Michaël didſt not only incounter with, but alſo ouermatch in heauen, as a valiant captaine: that I truſting in thee, and faithfulie fighting vnder thy banners, may not deſpaire of the conqueſt. Lord and gratious captaine, giue me ſtrength to abide valiantlie al brunts of this world, and neuer to ſhrink from

from thee with fainting Peter, Amen.

Another.

O Gratious GOD, looke downe vpon mee with the eie of thy mercie. For I am paled about with miſerie, and beſet with waters of perſecution. Aſſiſt me, ô Lord, with thy holie ſpirit, againſt the furie of the enimie, that I neuer fearing the toſting or butchering of this mine earthlie tabernacle, may euer for the terme of my daies feare and kiſſe thee, leaſt thou be angrie with me: who art able, and maieſt of thy iuſtice, not onlie deſtroie this my bodie, but alſo caſt my ſoule into the pit of hel. Giue me grace that I may preſent

preſent my ſelfe boldly before fleering Herod: being perſuaded of thy diuine prouidence, that thou wilt neuer forſake me, but be with mee during this my pilgrimage. I am better than a penniworth ſparrowe, ô Lord, who cannot die without thy wil and pleaſure. Gard mee therefore with the ſpirit of boldnes, that being aſſerteined of thy mercie, I may without feare confeſſe thee before men, and ſo be confeſſed againe before thine Angels in heauen. Let no ſmart of miſerie diſmaie me, let no thornie Saule diſcourage mee in the race of my profeſſion, let no ſparks of crueltie, or ſmoke of biting tyrannie choke the con-

fession of thee: but pitch about me the tents of thy grace, that being vnderpropped, I fal not from thee: doe this, ô Lord, for thy name sake, Amen.

A praier against the enimies of the truth.

O Lord and gratious GOD, looke vpon the face of thy Church: Iudas doth kisse her, and al to betray her, or rather make hauocke of her. Behold, Lord, the tares haue almost choked thy corne, and the cockle sower looketh for a plentious harueſt. Thou seest this, ô Lord, thou seest it: awake therefore, and take thy fan in thine hand, to diuide thy corne

corne from the chaffe. Gather thy corne into thy garner, and with a blaſt of thy mouth ſcatter the chaffe. Purge thy garden, ô Lord, let no weede growe among thy lillies, let no thorne hedge in thy ſauourie roſe, but fil thy Church with the grace of thy ſpirit, leaſt being the faireſt of al women, ſhe touch the pitch, and ſo be defiled. Burne vp the leauened and ſowre dough of iniquitie: but eſpecialie of hereſie, which the cockle prophets ſeeke to bake, that we may not onelie eate it, but alſo digeſt it, to the great eclipſe of thy word, and our owne damnation. O Lord conuert them, or elſe reſtraine them with the bridle of thy iudge-

iudgement. Father forgiue them, if it be thy wil, or elſe mowe them downe like haie, and let them wither with the graſſe. If Iudas wil continue in his trecherie, or Iulian in his apoſtaſie, if the wandering ſheepe wil not heare the voice of thee her ſhepheard, but ſtil wander in the deſert of wickednes, giue her to the mouth of the lion, ô Lord, leaſt turning to thy little flocke, ſhe corrupt the reſt. Grant this for thine owne name ſake, Amen.

Another.

IT is thine owne leſſon, ô Lord: Take heede of the leuen of the Phariſees, becauſe it ſowreth & corrupteth the marowe of true religion. O Lord, thou

thou knoweſt it, & I acknowledge it, that I am a ſprig of withered nature, a dead brandh of the rotten ſtocke Adam: what ſhal I ſaie? a natural man I am, ſo blinded with the miſt of ignorance, and ouerſhadowed with the cloud of blindnes, that I cannot doe wel, or wil wel, no not thinke wel: ſo vnable I am to aſpire to the knowledge of thy reuealed Goſpel. And how can I then, ô Lord, take heede of leuened doctrine, who am altogether leuened, and bent to the worſe by force of nature? O louing Ieſus, thou art the eie of the faithful, thou art wiſedome it ſelfe to defeate Satans wilines, the ſunne of righteouſnes to

conſume

conſume the groſſe vapours of ignorance, which drowneth our vnderſtanding : ſo that thou art the onlie ſtarre, which ſheweſt vs the deepe dungeons of hereſies : and the onlie touchſtone, by which we may diſcerne good dough and ſowred leuen, that wee may beware of them both. Endue me therfore with knowledge from aboue, that I prœuing the ſpirits, whereof they are, may onlie cleaue to thy holie wil, ô gratious God, to whome be al glorie, Amen.

A praier for the ſicke.

O Deere father, looke vpon me with the eie of thy merciful pitie

and pitiful mercie : behold, I am thy handie worke, a poore creature of thine : I thanke thee for my former health, and I thanke thee alſo for this thy viſitation, which I take as a fatherlie correction. For I haue ſwarued from the paths of thy commandements, and in my life renounced my vow at baptiſme made vnto thee before thy Church : and therfore leaſt as the witleſſe ſheepe I ſhould ſtraie, and ſo fal into the mouth of Satan, I take this thy viſitation as thy voice, or a ſermon of thy grace, whereby thou crieſt : Come vnto me. O gratious Ieſu this is thy woonted goodnes towards the children of men. I am but duſt and

aſhes,

athes, no better than a worme, a ſtained clowt, no better than a ſhadowe, a vapor or bubble in the water: a verie wretch I am, good Lord, borne in ſinne, by nature wrapt in iniquitie, and ſo thine vtter enimie, worthie to periſh euerlaſtinglie. But ſee thine owne goodnes, ſweet Lord: thine hands fourmed me being nothing: thy mercie hath preſerued me til this daie being nought. And euen now, ſweete Ieſu, thou haſt ſent thy purſeuant ſicknes to bid me put off the old man, & put on the garment of faith, that I being readie for the mariage, may come and marie thee in the couenant of thy father, whercin al the nations of

the world by promiſe are bleſſed, Amen.

Another.

LOuing Ieſu, pitiful Ieſu, bleſſed Trinitie haue mercie vpon me. Behold, I am ſicke Lord: iuſtlie buffetted for ſinne, the mother of euerie mortal infirmitie. Yet Lord, louing Ieſu pitie me, pitie my caſe. Louing father purge me with iſop, clenſe me from my ſecret ſinnes, drie vp the puddle of iniquitie with the beams of thy mercie, and clenſe me in the poole of thy pretious blood, that this ſicknes & infirmitie, the iuſt reward and penaltie of ſin & iniquitie, may ceaſe and, finiſh. Beate me, ô God, ô gratious God, ô father of heauen, beate

beate me in fauour, and not in iudgement: kisse me with the couenant of grace, and be not angrie with me. O louing Iesu, ful of pitie and pitious compassion, I would be cleane: and if thou wilt, Lord, thou canst make me cleane. Behold Lord I am sicke, the palsie of sinne shaketh euerie part, the leprosie of mine iniquitie hath ouerrun al my soule and bodie: but yet, good Lord, and gratious Iesu, if thou wilt, thou canst make mee cleane. For thou art my father almightie, with whome nothing is impossible. Lord I aske thy grace, giue it me: I seeke it, let me find it: I knocke for mercie: open, ô Lord, the chest of thy goodnes,

and enrich me with the iewels of grace, that I may reigne with thee in glorie, Amen.

A confeſsion for the ſicke.

MY thoughtes, my words, my deeds, al crie vnto mee: Thou art a ſinner. And this doe I confeſſe vnto thee, ô Lord: I cannot ſo much as thinke a good thought, much leſſe can I ſpeake, much leſſe can I do wel. I confeſſe that in me, that is, in my fleſh, dwelleth no good thing: euen ſo vile a creature, ſo wretched a caitife, that Satan might iuſtlie haue claimed my life in the ſwathecloth, being borne the child

child of wrath, and heire of damnation. I am a cankered branch of mother Eue that ancient ſtock of ſinne, whoſe heritage is nothing but iniquitie, garded with an infinite ſea of miſerie. For out of ſinne, as out of a filthie puddle or ſtained fountaine, iſſued the riuers of ſicknes, death and damnation, with ſuch a ſtreame, that they ouerranne and drowned the whole race of Adams curſed progenie. So that, as I confeſſe my ſelfe a ſinner, ſo doe I confeſſe that I am iuſtlie viſited with this rod of ſicknes, wherewith thou art woont of thy iuſtice to beate wanton Adam, that old man of ſinne, when he wil not be ruled. Beat me therfore,

rore, beate me, ô Lord, to better me: and ſmite me enough, ſo thou ſaue me, as I doe put my truſt in thee. Let Satan haue no power to harme me, nor the world with the baits of vanitie to ſnare me: but defend me from al euil, I beſeech thee, Amen.

Another.

O Bleeding Ieſus, ô ſlaughtered lambe, ô ſweete babe of the virgin Marie, and onlie beloued darling of God: behold, here I lie ſicke in bodie, and ſore in ſoule, whome thou haſt bought with thy pretious blood. Helpe me, ſaue me from ſinne, the fountaine of ſicknes, ô fountaine of mercie. For I am a greeuous ſinner by nature,

nature, fettered with iniquitie, wherein I was conceiued and borne. O Ieſu, ô Chriſt thou ſonne of Dauid, ô gratious Samaritan, & pitious ſhepheard, haue mercie vpon me: haue mercy vpon me, cal me, clenſe me, ſaue me, ſalue me with the merit of thy paſſion, againſt the palſie of ſinne and iniquitie. O lambe of God, thou haſt taken awaie the ſinnes of the world, thou haſt crucified the diuel: confirme this faith in me, louing Lord, I beſeech thee: I beſeech thee, increaſe my faith, and renew a right ſpirit within me. Remember, Lord, remember ſweete Ieſus thy crowne of thornes, & broozed head, thy bored hands,

nailed feete, and crucified bodie. Remember the pearcing ſpeare, thy wounded ſide, and thy pretious blood that did ſpin and guſh out. Remember thy bloodie teares, thy great thirſt of my ſaluation, and gall and vineger which thou didſt drink to ſaue me: and for thy mercie ſaue me, and crie to thy father: Father, father, forgiue him. O Ieſu be mine aduocate: praie, praie, ſweete Ieſus praie for me, and beſtowe ſome drop of thy blood to waſh me, Amen.

A praier againſt deſ- peration.

O Lord, I am a greeuous ſinner, I haue paſſed & broken the banks

banks of thy cõmandements; from the wombe til this daie I haue with the pirate Satan sailed in the ship of iniquitie, so that I may saie with Paule: I am chiefe of al sinners. This must I needes confesse to thee, ò God of iustice, & this worme of conscience biteth me. What then, good Lord? shal ỹ worme deuoure me, shal this snake of conscience sting me to death? what, good Lord? is the streme of thy mercie stopped? are the riuers of thy grace dried vp? is there no drop of thy blood left to wash my seelie soule? doest thou not cal me, saieng: Come vnto mee. Yes good Lord, and therefore despaire I wil not. It is not thy wil that anie

anie ſinner ſhould periſh: and thou haſt not onlie ſaid it, but ſworne it, that thou willeſt not the death of a ſinner, but rather his conuerſion and life.

Behold therefore, deere father, I come vnto thee, being a greeuous ſinner, in hope of pardon in the name of Chriſt thy ſon, who by his owne teſtimonie came into this world to ſaue ſinners. He was content to blot out that obligation, which Satan had againſt me, by the flood of his pretious blood, which iſſued out of his glorious ſide. In this poole he hath waſhed awaie the leproſie of ſinne, were it neuer ſo deſperate. And in token that he is readie to receiue a ſinner,

he

he ſtretcheth foorth both his ſweete armes, as readie to imbrace: and boweth downe his glorious head, as willing to kiſſe the prodigal child, that craueth pardon for his miſſe-ſpent daies. O Lord and gratious God, I haue waſted my daies in vanitie, I haue from time to time troden vnder my feete the pearles of Chriſtian profeſſion, euen frō the womb haue I bene a rebellious traitour to thy maieſtie, a friend to this world, to godlines an enimie: but now, ô Lord, I crie vnto thee: forgiue me, forgiue me. Now I come vnto thee, as thou haſt called me: now therfore couer me with the wings of thy mercie, and tender me

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as the hen doth her chicken, leaſt Satan clawe me, and ſo I periſh. Good Lord accept the blood of thy ſonne, the merits of his manhood for a ſatisfaction for my ſinnes, drown them in the ſtreame of thy mercie, and caſt them behind thee, good Lord, I beſeech thee.

O ſweete Ieſus lodge me in thy pretious wounds, & looke vpon me with thy pitious eie, leaſt that be deſtroied, which thou of thy great goodnes haſt made, and Chriſt thy ſonne of ineſtimable loue and infinite charitie hath redeemed, thorough his bitter paſſion. This is the total ſumme of my ſuite vnto thee Lord: mercie, mercie, ô father of mercie: mercie

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is the thing that I beg: haue mercie vpon me, haue mercie vpon me, I beseech thee louing Lord haue pitie vpon me. Be thou my shepheard to defend me, my castle of defence to saue me against the gaping diuel. Thou hast store of mercie for them that aske it: ô Lord therefore, euen for the wounds of thy deere sonne, haue mercie vpon me, let not sin sting me to death, but lay to my sore soule the salue of thy mercie, of thy mercie, one drop of thy sonnes blood, a little dew of thy blessing, good Lord, I beseech thee, Amen.

Another.

O Lord, my thoughtes, my wordes, mine actions haue

haue taken weapons and waged battel againſt mee : and Satan that old rebellious traitour taketh part with them to ouerthrow me thy poore and impotent ſouldiour. He raiſeth vp the ſnake of my conſcience to ſting me, & the poiſon of an euil life to infect me with the deſperat plague of Cains blaſphemie : and I am but fleſh vnable to withſtand the furie of this dragon. Oh, what ſhal I doe ? I am a ſinner, as Satan ſaith, and my conſcience telleth me : and the reward is death, as thy word teacheth me. What then ſhal I do ? ſhal I die as Iudas, ô Lord ? is there no remedie ? ſurelie, my Lord and my God, I deſpaire in my ſelfe,

ſelfe, and confeſſe my ſelfe the child of wrath by naturs voice: but yet, ô Lord, it is thy voice, it is the voice of grace, that thy mercie is aboue al thy works: in token whereof thou cameſt into the world to ſaue ſinners. This is the piller that vpholdeth me from falling: this is the rod of iron that daſheth Satan out of countenance, and defeateth the arguments of my ſinful conſcience. Arme me with this buckler of faith in thy meritorious incarnation, life, and paſſion, that I may not be giuen ouer as a praie to the dragon, but crucifie the ſnakie perſuaſions of Satan and his companie,

Amen.

Another.

Another.

AVoid Satan: thou ſhalt not tempt the Lords ſeruant: thy works are deſtroied, thy bandes are broken, thou ſhalt not take or bind me. Auoid ſinne: for thou haſt loſt thy ſting, thou waſt condemned in the fleſh, nailed to the croſſe, and crucified with my Lord Chriſt vpon the tree. Auoid death: for thou art dead: and hel: for thou art ſwalowed vp in victorie. Auoid thou dragon and al thine angels: for Michaël hath beaten thee, and broken thy head: he hath freed vs from ſinne, and led awaie captiuitie captiue: euen hee Satan hath ouermaſtered thee, that crieth out vnto me, Feare not,

not, for I haue ouercome the world: euen he that hath promiſed to be with me til the end of my pilgrimage, and crieth out: that if he be with me, no man can bee againſt me: no not hel gates to preuaile againſt me. Fight therefore Satan as long as thou wilt, thou ſhalt be at length put to the foile: for the mightie lion of the tribe of Iuda telleth me, that there is no condemnation to them that be in him, that Ieſus is the conquerour of the whole world, and vanquiſher of thee, fight and rage thou neuer ſo much. Therefore auoid, I ſaie, from me, for in Chriſt haue I paſſed the ſea of my ſinnes, thy curſed armie:

armie: & if thou folow to pur-
ſue me, thou ſhalt be drow-
ned in the red ſea of Chriſtes
blood, to whome be al glorie,
Amen.

A praier for the auoidance of Gods wrath.

O Tender harted Io-
ſeph, haue mercie
vpon me. Great is
the flood of mine
iniquities, ſo great, ô God of
mercie, that vnles the banks of
thy grace repreſſe it, it wil o-
uerrunne, and ſo drowne my
ſeely ſoule. Drowne my ſinnes
in the poole of thy mercie, caſt
them into the ſea of thy bot-
tomles pitie, leaſt the ſmoke of
my wickednes doe ſmother
me,

me, and the rod of thy iudgement breake and brooze mee like a potters veſſel. For the bag of mine iniquities is ſo ſtuffed, and the ſting of my ſinnes ſo poiſonous, and the ſent of them ſo vnſauourie in thy noſtrels, ô Lord, that if thou wilt obſerue it, who may abide it? the ſureſt piller of thy Church would ſhake, the faireſt roſe would wither, the beſt lamb ſhould abide the ſlaughter, if the beames of thy mercie ſhould not parch & burne vp the ripe and plentious harueſt of our iniquities. O Lord therfore haue mercie vpon vs, and beate vs not with the rod of thy furie, but vnderprop the ſhip of our weake faith with the

the anchor of thy mercie, v beleuing in thee, we may not perish, but haue euerlasting life. Thou hast appeased, ô sweete Iesus, the wrath of thy father against sinne conceiued, by thy meritorious passion, that I might with thy holie ones be holie as thou art. But I haue prophaned thy passion by my dailie faults, such is the frailtie of the flesh, for the which I iustlie may de refused. But yet Iesus one drop of fauor bestowe vpon me, and crie: For my bloodie passion father forgiue him, I beseech thee, Amen.

A praier for remission of sinnes.

O Lord, what do I dailie but wander in the field of vanitie?

nitie? what is my hart but a filthie priſō of corrupt thoughts? what is my mouth but a ſtinking chanel of vaine words? what are my feete but chariots to bloodſhed? what are my hands but battellers with charitie? what is my head but a caſtle of wicked deuiſes? and what is my life but a fardel of iniquitie? I am nothing better than a dead tree: the roote is periſhed, the bough withered, I am fruitleſſe and good for nothing, but for the furie of the flame. What then, good Lord, ſhal it be ſo? I am no better than a dead tree: but what? ſhal I burne ſweete Ieſu? O ſaue me for thy name ſake, and quicken me: create a new hart within

within me, ingraffe me in the true oliue, purge mee that I may bring foorth much fruite, and ſo for euer flouriſh like a tree planted by the riuers ſide. O powre the oile of grace into my defiled hart, and ſeaſon it with the ſalt of thy mercy, leaſt the fume of mine iniquities aſcend vp to thy noſtrels, and prouoke thy furie againſt me. Powre downe ſome drops of thy pretious blood from the clouds of thy mercy, to quench out the angrie flame of ſinne, which I my ſelfe am not able to put out by the vertuous water of anie merit. Purge mee therefore with iſop, ô Lord, and then I ſhal be cleane. O lambe of God, let me eate thy

flesh,

fleſh, and drink thy blood, that I may liue by thee, and clothe me in the wool of thy mercie, that no winter of ſtorming ſin do pinch my ſeelie ſoule. This doe, ô Lord, for thy mercie ſake, Amen.

Another.

O Lord, like a witles ſheepe I wander in the perilous wildernes of ſinne: I am loſt, ô my God, in the field of vanitie, where Satan ſeeketh to trap and deceiue me with the flattering bait of ſinful pleaſure. Good Lord leaue thy ninetie nine, and looke for the loſt ſheepe, til thou haue found her. For I am loſt, good Lord, and muſt needes periſh, vnles thou ſaue me. Drawe me vp to

 thee

thee in the bucket of thy mercie, and place me in thy safe pasture of grace, the onelie sling that ouermaistereth Satan. Chooſe me into the colledge of ioie, that I may sleepe in the lap of thy word, which is thy power vnto saluation. Do this, ô Lord, for thine owne sake, that thine Angels may haue occasion to reioice, and to set foorth thy glorie. Looke for the lost grote, ô gratious God, and find it out with the candle of thy mercie, and lock it vp in the treasure of ioie: euen me, ô Lord, that thou thy selfe in great ioie, maiest cal thine holie Angels, & heauenlie companie to reioice with thee, because thou hast found

me

me a lost grote, and straieng sheepe. Be thou my Iesus, euen for thine owne sake, wash awaie the leprosie of sinne, that being clensed, I may returne in ioie, to sound out the praises of thy holie and vndeserued dealings with mee thine enimie, Amen.

Another.

BEnd downe thy pitious eie ô Lord, from the palace of heauen, and looke vpon me thy poore and wretched creature. Behold, I thy handiwork, thine owne workmanship am disgraced, nature hath wrapped me in sinne, the diuel hath defaced bodie and soule, so that I am nothing better than a lumpe of iniquitie. The euil

gardener hath planted weeds in thy garden, the euil husband hath ſowen tares and cockle in thy field. O Lord with the ſword of thy mercie dig vp the weedes of ſinne: and with the beames of thy pitie parch vp the cockle and tares of Satan, that I may flouriſh like a branch of thy ſonne Ieſus, and growe like a flower in the paſture of grace, by the dew of thy bleſſing. Scatter awaie from thy face with the wind of thy mercie, the chaffe of iniquitie, and gather thine owne corne into the garner of glorie. Let me not ſtarue for want of grace, but feede me with mercie, and make me a ſimple doue, that hauing the wings of

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a liuelie faith, and faithful conſcience, I may flie vp to the beacon of the croſſe, there to eate the merit of thy ſonne Chriſt, my mightie Ieſus. O Lord wrap me in his paſſion and death, that no ſtorme of ſinne doe touch me to my vtter condemnation, Amen.

A praier for increaſe of faith.

WHen man, ô God, was ſo fettered in the ſnare of ſinne, that he could not by any meanes deliuer himſelfe, and therfore was for euer to lie bound with the chaine of Satan in hel: it pleaſed thee, ô Lord, to worke meanes of de-

liuerie, by thine owne ſonne to vnloſe the ſhackles of ſinne, that man might be ſet at libertie. For this I giue thee moſt hartie thanks, ô gratious God and father of mercie. For what a thing is this ? man was loſt through his owne follie. Iudas for monie, but Adam for an apple forſooke thee, and ſo deſerued, not onelie to be forſaken, but alſo like an vtter enmie, and rebellious traitor, to be executed in iuſtice and iudgement. But behold, ô ye ſonnes of men, where man was vnable, & Angels not ſufficient to worke recouerie of grace, and deliuerie from Satans ſlauerie, he ſpared not to ſhed the blood of his ſonne for the redemption

demption of man, and ſatisfaction of his iuſtice.

Behold and wonder: God hath but one ſonne, his deere ſonne, his onlie ioie, his owne image, his expreſſe ſubſtance, and yet doth he ſend this one babe, like a lambe in this euil world among foxes, to bee torne and cruelie butchered, that by the drops of his pretious blood he might waſh the filthie face of our ſoules, and with the wool of his paſſion, the merit of his ſlaughter, ſo clothe vs, that no ſtorme of raging ſinne might diſmaie vs. The ſtreames of thy ſonnes blood, vnles we bathe our ſelues in them, vnles we waſh vs in the poole of his blood, his paſſion,

o father of heauen, ſhal nothing auaile vs. Giue vs therefore, good God, a ful and ſound hand, that we may receiue the blood of thy ſonne Chriſt to our ſaluation. Increaſe our faith in vs, giue vs a winged faith, that wee may flie vnto Chriſt thy ſonne and our Sauiour, ſtanding on the beacon of the croſſe to purchaſe the redemption of the whole world.

But eſpecialie in time of extremitie, when Satan doth ſeeke to choke vs with the ſmothering ſmoke of ſin, and like a wilie pirate ſeeketh to ſinke the ſhip of our weake faith: then, ô Lord, when he raketh our ſinnes out of the aſhes, & calleth a parleament of

of his helliſh angels to accuſe vs before thee, and thine holie companie, that being conuinced of trecherie to thy maieſtie, we may abide the rod of thy furie: euen then, ô Lord, giue vs a fethered faith, that we may flie aboue the reach of Satan, & reſt in the wounds of thy deere ſonne in ſafetie, without peril of ſhipwracke, be the waues of ſinne neuer ſo outragious, or the winds of iniquitie neuer ſo tempeſtuous. Couer vs with the wings of thy fauour, gard vs with the hand of thy power, and pul vs out of the deepe mire of our ſecret ſinnes, that being drowned in thy mercie, we may in a liuelie faith ſpring out of the

puddle of miſerie, into the ſea of thy merits for our endleſſe ſafetie, Amen.

A praier for preachers.

Thou good ſheepherd of our ſoules, haue mercie vpon vs : thou haſt appointed vs, as vicars and deputies vnder thee, or rather as nurſes for thee, to traine vp the babes of thy family in the loue and feare of thee. Giue vs, we beſeech thee, the pure milke of thy Goſpel to feede them : but eſpecialie the light of honeſt conuerſation, to guide them out of this vallie of darknes, vnto thee the true morning ſtarre,

ſtarre, and ſunne of righteouſnes. Arme vs with the buckler of thy truth, that we may not onlie bicker with, but alſo put to flight, Satan that rauenous lion, ô Lord, who ſeeketh by ſubtiltie to trap and deuoure the lambs of thy paſture. Weapon vs with *Scriptum eſt*, It is written, ô Lord, which is thy power vnto ſaluation, and the onelie buckler whereby thou dideſt defend thy ſelfe in thy threefold combate with Satan. Take from vs the leuen of the Phariſees, the ſowred dough of hereſies, being the verie canker of Chriſtian profeſſion, and the onelie pitch that defileth the table of thy children, that we may feede thy children

children onelie with the word of thy mouth. This do, ô Ieſus, for thine owne ſake, Amen.

A praier for the increaſe of preachers.

SAtan, ô Lord, ſaileth vpon the ſeas of this world, to hinder and keepe backe the propagation of the Goſpel: killing by ſword, boiling in fire, and choking by the darnel of his cockle goſpel the babes of thy familie. So that now thy Church, ô Lord, is harrowed, little is the flocke of thy beloued Steeuen, we haue a great dearth of preaching Ieremies, and a verie ſmal number of crieng Eſaies to conduct

duct thy children, the tender ſucklings of thy Goſpel, from danger to ſafetie, out of the rough wildernes of this wicked world. O looke vpon thy little flocke, let the foxe no more fleece them, but ſend ſhepherds to feede them with the pure milke & ſound meate of thy Goſpel. Send vs no wolues to teare, but ſend vs dogs to defend the ſheepe of thy paſture, againſt our wolluiſh Pharao, that continualie gapeth to deuoure thy beloued Iſraël. O Lord haue mercie vpon vs, and let the riuers of thy word haue free courſe in euerie chanel: let no puddle of filthy doctrine, or quagmire of damnable hereſie trouble thy

thy little flocke and ſweete babes, leaſt they taſting thereof, drinke their owne deſtruction. But ſend downe thine Angels to clenſe the poole of thy word, mingled with the water of hereſie, that we lieng ſicke at the gate of thy mercie, may deſcend into it, and ſo be healed. Grant this for thine infinit mercies ſake, and for the glorie of thine eternal Godhead, Amen.

A praier for the ſchoolemaiſter.

WHere ſhal I begin, ô Lord, to rip the vnſeamed coate of thy benefites? O that I were al hart to conceiue, or

or al tongue to vtter them! For where we had not onelie loſt the inheritance of paradiſe, but alſo the integritie of nature, through father Adams follie: thou haſt ſet downe preccpts, and elected gouernours ouer youth, that being ruled by tutours, and liuing wel by precepts, the children of Adam might recouer the diſgraced puritie of nature, & at length (of thy meere fauour) be exalted, not to an earthlie paradiſe, but to an heauenlie inheritance, to enter and inherit the palace of an heauenlie Ieruſalem. And wheras, ô welſpring of al goodnes, thou haſt appointed me to ouerſee the natural man, not only to traine him

him vp in learning, but alſo in liuing: giue me thy grace, that I may firſt, of a wild oliue bee-come a branch of Ieſus, that awaking my ſelfe with the wings of thy mercie, I may crowe the better to ſtumbling Peter, not onelie in deliuering precepts, but alſo examples of godlie life and honeſt conuer-ſation. Giue me the true know-ledge of thy word, that by it, as by a lanterne, I may guide my ſelfe and them the better, from wandering in vanitie, in-to the waie of ſanctitie. Giue me alſo grace to doe my dutie faithfulie: and imprint in my hart the laſt daie, when I ſhal render an account of my cal-ling, that alwaies remembring it,

it, I may the better fulfil it. O Lord ſhew thy mercie, Amen.

Another.

O Lord, giue me grace to be faithful in my vocation, to be diligent in my calling to traine vp youth : but before al things to ſerue thee. Schoole me, ô gratious God, in the waie of thy wil, and teach me the waie of thy commandements, that I may not onelie liue by thee, but in thee for euer. Plant me like a branch of grace in the garden of thy gratious pleaſure, that I may growe in thee, and not in the broade waie of iniquitie, or wide field of vanitie. Order my waies with the rule of thy wil, and guide my ſteps by the lanterne

lanterne of life, that neither for feare or flatterie I swarue from the lessons of thy holie spirit: but euer may walke with the warrant of a good conscience in thy lawe and testimonies. For this, ô Lord, shal redound to the profit of thy Church, whereof by baptisme I am a member: as also to the bettering of youth, which is better schooled by examples of a godlie life, than by precepts of learning. Therefore, ô Lord, that thy Church may be vnspotted, and without wrinkle, I beseech thee in thy sonnes name, to haue mercie vpon me and al my brethren, which liue in faith and feare of thee, that our good liues may glorifie

thee

thee our father in heauen: and ſpur the babes of thy familie, to the perfourmance of their vow, by the power of thy ſpirit, Amen.

A praier for ſcholers.

O God, we are a curſed progenie, by nature lapt in the bands of ſin, and fettered in the chaine of death, the due reward of ſinne and iniquitie: but of thy meere mercie thou haſt drawne vs vnto thee out of the iawes of our ſpiritual Pharao, by the death of Chriſt thine onelie ſonne, that mightie lion of the tribe of Iudah, that being deliuered

uered from the hands of our enimies, we might ſerue thee in him al the daies of this our life. But becauſe we cannot of our ſelues, and by our ſelues, aſpire to the end of our redemption: we thanke thee, ô Lord, that it hath pleaſed thee to helpe vs by this meanes, to wit, by placing vs vnder tutors. Thou haſt throughlie ſifted our nature: thou knoweſt that there is continual battel betweene the wanton fleſh, and the ſpirit of ſanctification: and therefore to repreſſe old Adam, and to crucifie the kingdom of the wanton fleſh, thou haſt put this yoke vpon vs, to be vnder tutors and gouernours to crop the crooked boughes

boughes off, and to mowe downe the ripe harueſt of wicked nature, that they might by precepts of life, with the aſſiſtance of thy ſpirit, graffe vs in the true vine Ieſus, and alſo print the ſtampe of Chriſtian knowledge in the tables of our harts: that being no baſe metal, but pure and fine ſiluer, we might (and yet of grace) be weighed in the balance of thy mercie, as currant coine, to be placed in the ſtorehouſe of thy ioie for euer. To thee, as onelie good, be al glorie, Amen.

The mothers praier for the good education of her youth.

OGratious God, in knowledge that thou loueſt al things,

things, which thou haſt made of thy goodnes: and that thing cannot periſh, which is committed to thy charge. Now I come vnto thee with my tender children, cõmitting them into thine hands, and deſiring thee to couer them vnder the wings of thy prouident mercie. Hew and ſquare the rough table of their harts, of ſtonie make them fleſhie, that being ſoftened by the dew of thy bleſſings, they may beare the ſeale of adoption in thy ſonne Chriſt. O Lord guide them in this darke vale of vanitie, with the light of thy fauour, that eſcaping the dungeon of ſinne, they may walke in newnes of life, & lodge alwaies in thine holie

holie wil. Imprint in their harts faith, hope, humilitie, and charitie: that folowing thee, they may be humble & mecke as thou art. Indue them with the ſpirit of feare, that they may kiſſe thee in faith and liuelie obedience, thou being neuer angrie with them, but louing them, as the mother doth her tender ſucklings, Amen.

The fathers praier.

O Father of al fathers, haue mercie vpon me, and giue me thy grace, not onelie to be thankful for this thy gratious gift, but alſo dutiful, to vſe it after thy good wil and pleaſure. It is thy wil, ô father

ther of heauen, that children ſhould come vnto thee: yea, that al men ſhould be ſaued, and come to the knowledge of the truth. Fil the cup of thy mercie, ô Lord, and let mee drinke of it, and my children pledge me, that we may together be wrapped in the garment of grace, and at length be married vnto thee in the kingdome of glorie. Take my tender babes, ô Lord, into thy familie, that as children of thy houſe, together with me, they may ſit with father Abraham Iſaac and Iacob, at the table of ioie, in ioie vnſpeakeable, & in pleaſure inconceiueable. Giue them the ſpirit of thy fauour, that they may crie truelie vnto thee,

thee, Abba, Father, assured in their consciences, that they are thy children, and coheires with our Sauiour Iesus of life eternal. O father shew thy mercie for thy mercies sake, Amen.

The childs praier.

I Am borne a natural child, ô father of heauen, weake in bodie, blind in soule, in al parts maimed, and as it were lapt in bands of miserie. O Lord renew me wholie, make me a babe of thy familie, that I may suck the paps of thy word, which is of power to saue bodie and soule. Lop the tree of nature, ô gratious God, and restraine me within

the banks of thy wil by the bridle of thy ſpirit, that I neuer paſſing the limits of thy good pleaſure, may of thy mercie be taken as worthie to ſit with father Abraham in the reſtful land of Canaan. Regenerate me, ô Lord, and make mee a new creature, that hauing put off the old man, I may bee transfourmed into thee the ſecond Adam, in newnes of life, and be freed from al brunts of ſtorming nature, & blowes of tyrannous Satan: that I may ſleepe in the lap of thy Church in ſafetie for euer. O ſweete Ieſu, let no tempeſt of ſinne, or thunderbolt of Satan, or his miniſters, ouerturne me thy poore creature, ſailing vpon the

the foming ſeas, beſet and beaten with the ſurges of this preſent world: but gard me with thine hand, and let thine holie Angels pitch their tents about me, leaſt the brickle barke of my bodie, being broozed with the waues of wickednes: and the ſhip of my ſoule ſhaken with the tempeſts of iniquitie, I vtterlie come to naught: and become a caſtawaie. In al dangers therefore, giue me grace to crie vnto thee with a lowd voice, Helpe mee, thou that canſt ſtil the roughnes of the ſea, or elſe I periſh, Amen.

The husbandmans praier.

I A poore husbandman, ô Lord, doc come vnto thee

for ſuccour. Ieſus thou ſonne of Dauid haue mercie vpon me. Thou art the true vine, and God thy father the husbandman, and I a branch ingraffed in thee by grace, and nouriſhed by the iuice of mercie. O Lord, when the pocke of my corrupt nature breaketh out, and the wild oliue ſheweth it ſelfe: then of thy fauour lop and crop me: purge me, that I may bud in thee, and beare fruite wœorthie repentance. Giue me thy grace, that I tie not my hart to this world, nor locke my thoughts in the chaine of vanitie: but free me from the ſlauerie of the diuel, and vnloſe the deſperate knot of my ſinful conſcience, that

ſinne

This increaſe was eaſie, but mother Eue hath made it hard (by paſſing the bounds of thy wil) to al her poſteritie: ſo that the woman conceiueth and bringeth foorth in great paine, and dangerous trauel, the fruit of her wombe: in ſo great paine, ô Lord, in ſuch extreme pangs, that vnles thou quench the flame of her ſorrowes with the water of comfort, it is impoſſible for her to beare that into this vale of miſerie, which thou of thy goodnes haſt framed, & ſhe conceiued. Wherfore thou GOD of woonders, and father almightie of heauen, as thou haſt by the ſlaughter of thine onlie lambe, taken awaie the ſinnes of the whole

world, and condemned ſinne in the fleſh : ſo take awaie the pangs of childbirth, the fruit of ſinne from al womankind, eſpecialie this woman: that bearing ioifulie, that which ſhee hath conceiued fruitfulie, and thou haſt faſhioned gratiouſlie, ſhe may glorifie thee moſt carefulie, and praiſe thee moſt thankefulie, the onelie ſtaie of hir eſtate in al extremitie, both now at this preſent, and hereafter euerlaſtinglie, Amen.

A praier for a woman in trauel.

LOrd ſaue mee, or elſe I periſh. Lord haue mercie vpon me a ſinner. Pitiful Ieſu

Iesu shew thy mercie vnto me, and let the light of thy countenance shine vpon me, that I be not swallowed vp in griefe and sorrowe. Lord, sweete Lord, thou sendest thy seruants to cal me to the marriage: thy fatlings and oxen are killed, and dinner is readie: Lord giue me grace to come vnto thee, that being freed from sinne, and eased of sorowe, the fruit of sinne, I may marie thee in the couenant of thy mercie, and banket with thee face to face, at the table of ioie, in thy heauenlie Ierusalem. Lord, louing Lord, and gratious God, blesse the fruit of my wombe, and take it into thy familie. For I beleeue, Lord, that thou becamest

becameſt of God the ſonne of man, to make it, and al other, whome thy father hath giuen thee, the children of God thy heauenlie father. According to my faith therefore, ô Lord, be it vnto me. Open the dœre of thy mercie, and lodge my child in the vertue of thy couenant, that being my God, and the God of my ſeede, I may glorifie thee both now and euer, and offer vp the ſacrifice of praiſe, the fruites of a ioiful ſpirit vnto thee. Lord and father of heauen, it is thy wil that al men ſhould be ſaued: thy wil be done, and ſaue me by thy mercie I beſeech thee,

Amen.

A praier for the priſoner.

O Liuing God and louing Father of heauen, I haue ſtood in the waie of ſinners, and waſted my daies in iniquitie, for the which I am iuſtlie tied in bands, and ſhal ſuffer the ſhipwracke of this fraile and fading life. O Lord comfort me with thy holie ſpirit, againſt the terrour of death: and ſo roote in me the hope of ſaluation, that I may looke in ſtedfaſt faith after the night of my paſſion, to ſup and to be with thee in paradiſe. Euil hath bene my life, euen from the wombe haue I warred

warred with euil nature againſt thee, and to my power ſought to deſtroie my ſelfe, & to crucifie my Ieſus againe moſt villanouſlie. But yet Lord, and father of mercie, I beleeue verelie that al thy ſonnes blood is not dried vp. I am perſuaded that there are ſome drops of grace reſerued for al laden and laboring publicans, and therfore comming vnto thee I crie and cal: *Lord haue mercie vpon mee a ſinner: Lord, ô Ieſu thou ſonne of Dauid haue mercie vpon me.* Remember thy bloodie paſſion, and with the teſtimonie of thy holie ſpirit ſeale vp in my hart my ſaluation, that I may die in thee, and ſo liue with thee for euer, Amen.

A

A praier to be ſaid at the houre of death.

FAther of heauen, into thy handes I do commend my ſoule : Lord increaſe my faith, ſtrengthen my weakenes, fortifie my ſoule with the teſtimonie of thy fauor, againſt the feare of death, which is dreadful vnto me. O gratious God, looke not vpon my merits, for they are none: nor vpon my life, for it hath bene naught and abhominable : but looke vpon Chriſt thy ſonne, and my louing Ieſus, who being ſlaughtered vpon the altar of the croſſe, crieth vnto thee for me and my brethren:

thren: *Father forgiue them.* Thy ſonne, ô Lord, died to deliuer vs, was bound to loſe vs out of helliſh Aegypt, that being freed by him, we might alwaies and ſolie ſerue him. But mercie, Lord, mercie is my ſute: for I haue prophaned his pretious paſſion by my euil conuerſation, and done what laie in my power to crucifie him againe: but notwithſtanding, Lord, thou art alwaies merciful, and of great pitie: and I beleue verelie, that thy ſonnes mercie is not abated, who cried for the butchering Iewes, *Father forgiue them.* Louing God therefore burie mine iniquities, and accept thy ſonnes crie as a ſatisfaction for my ſinne.

ſinne. Lord haue mercie vpon me a ſinner, Amen.

A praier for the truth.

HEreſie, ô Lord, is the ſpur of dunghilcocks, and hirelings, which faint and wil not fight in thy quarrel againſt the wolfe, for the ſheepe of thy paſture. Let not this ſpur blind the eies of chriſtians, let it not ſhut vp the windowe of thy wil. Thy truth defend, ô gratious God, and with the whip of thy iudgement ſcourge al penie goſpellers, and ſcowre thy fathers houſe, which muſt be a houſe of praier, that thy word may be

be trulie preached, which is thy power vnto ſaluation. Grant vnto vs the pure bread of life, let it not be ſowred with the leuen of vnſeaſoned Rabbins, leaſt thy truth being eclipſed with euil doctrine, be vtterlie buried, and ſo thy lambes for hunger ſtarued. The babes of thy familie doe hunger and gape for meate: they dailie crie vnto thee, Father of heauen deliuer vs from euil: come Lord Ieſus, come: for thou art truth, and the onelie teacher of truth. Roote vp out of thy garden the weedes of hereſie, and hinder the blaſt of ſlandering trumpetters, who do nothing elſe but barke againſt thy truth, and bite the good

names

names of others, and al to the defacing of thy Gospel, Amen.

A praier for the ploughman.

IT is thy iust reward, ô GOD, to man for his trecherie and disobedience against thy maiestie, that he should get his liuing by the sweat of his browes. I confesse therefore, ô thou iust God and louing father, that I haue merited this bondage, that thou maiest be iustified when thou art iudged. Giue me thy grace, ô Lord, that I may be diligent and faithful in my vocation, to doe my dutie, not somuch for feare, as for conscience. Giue me

me thy grace, that I may ſerue with a willing mind, and a free conſcience, that being ſubiect to a Chriſtian in bodie, yet I may beare rule ouer ſinne and Satan in a ſtedfaſt faith, and feare of thee. Gard me with thy grace, and fence me with thy fauour. Vphold my feete from ſlipping, ſtaie me that I fal not, and if I fal, raiſe me vp, that I may not lie in the mire of deſperation, when ſinne ſhal aſſault mee. Plow my hart with the threats of thy pearcing lawe, and harrowe it with a greeuous memorial of my omitted dutie: but ſo, ô Lord, that thou in the end do ſowe in it the ſeede of thy Goſpel, the bread of immortalitie,

mortalitie, that I may liue in thee, and by thee now and for euer, Amen.

A praier for the blesſing of his labour.

SVch was the fal of Adam, ô gratious God, ſo great was his rebellion againſt thy diuine maieſtie, that of deſert thou maieſt forſake him, and ſtaie the hand of thy bountious liberalitie. Notwithſtanding, Lord, becauſe thou haſt commanded al men to aske, and allured them to craue things neceſſarie by thy promiſe, that he that asketh ſhal haue: therefore, ô Lord, in hope of thy wonted and offered

fered mercie, I come vnto thee in the name of Christ thy beloued sonne, and my louing husband: desiring thee, in the streames of thy bloodie teares, to wash me from my sinnes, to burie them in the bottome of the sea, and to scatter them as chaffe before the wind, that I being taken into thy fauour, & reconciled to thee in the blood of the immaculate lambe, may looke in assurance for thy fatherlie prouidence. Blesse, ô Lord, the cursed earth: so fructifie the barren earth with the dew of heauen, that we may haue great cause to glorifie thy name, and sufficient for nature against extremitie, to relieue vs with thy store in time

time of neceſſitie, Amen.

A praier for peace.

APpeaſe, ô gratious God, the ſurging waues of this preſent euil world: cut downe the angrie makebates, and grant vnto vs the peace of thy ſpirit: that liuing in one mind, and bearing about vs one wil grounded vpon thy gratious pleaſure, we may be gathered into one ſheepefold, and liue in brotherlie loue and vnfained vnitie. O louing maker and God of peace, it is a pitious thing to ſee the malice of the world: it is a miſerie to ſee how thy members diſioint themſelues in

in ceremonies and beggerlie elements : it is a hel to consi-der how mightie Saule rageth against little Dauid : to see the beastlie crueltie and tigerlike tyrannie of the Pharaos of this world, who not tendring their owne case, nor regarding the end of thy passion, our ful and sole redemption, do racke and rent the babes of thy Church, thy beloued wife. Redresse al this, gratious God : either cut off our enimies, or else conuert them, that we together may wage battel against the diuel our archaduersarie. Season the harts of our brethren, that wil for a trifling ceremonie, re-nounce thy veritie, and breake the bands of Christian veritie.

Con-

Confirme the weake nouices of thy ſchoole in the libertie of thy Goſpel, that al offence being taken away, we may ſerue thee, the God of peace, euen charitie it ſelfe, in charitie, Amen.

A praier in time of warre.

O Lord, and onelie peacemaker, linke vs in vnitie that are diuided, ioine vs in loue that haue ſundered our ſelues, and ſo tranſgreſſed thy holie wil. If our cauſe be euil, good Lord amend vs, and reconcile vs with the peace of thy ſpirit: if it be good, defend vs, o Lord, and turne vnto vs,

or elſe confound our enimies. Gratious Ieſu, thou knot of peace, which haſt ioined God thy father and man, not onelie in fauour as friends: but alſo coupled vs in one brotherhood with thee, as his children: we beſeech thee to ſowe the ſeede of concord in vs, that we may liue in thee as fruitful branches now and for euer. O Lord giue vs thy grace, that we purchaſe no enuie, nor be the fathers of ſedition, of war, or any inſurrection: but imprint in our harts thus much, that thou art loue, who ſhalt come to iudge the quicke and the dead. Charitie ſhal iudge the world, and confound al bruers of tumults. Ingraue this leſſon, ô Lord, in

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the tables of our harts, and forgiue vs al that is paſt, & guide vs in that which is to come, that we fal not, but ſtand faſt in the waie of thy wil, Amen.

A praier for the captaine.

DEfend the righteous cauſe of thy ſeruant: aſſiſt me with ſtrength againſt mine enimies, with the wiſedome of thy ſpirit againſt the policie of man, that being wholie guided by thee, I may fight manfulie in thy quarrel, to the building of thy Church, and vtter rebuke of her aduerſaries. Without thee, ô fountaine of goodnes, and God of

mine eſtate, I can do nothing. Arme me therefore with thy grace, with the buckler of thy word, that I may be able, not onelie to war with, but alſo to ouermatch Satan my deadlie foe, & al his helliſh band, ſetting themſelues againſt thee and thine annointed. Enrich me with thy mercie, that I may be able to put vpon mee the white raiment of faith, and being clothed with it, may ſtand ſure againſt the foming miniſters of the diuel, that no ſtorm may ouerturne or diſmaie me. O Lord kepe me from al wreſtling affections, from inordinate motions defend mee, ô Lord. Let al diſcord be remooued, whereby thy pellican dil-

dren

dren may be diſſeuered. But nouriſh, ô God of loue, thy babes with the ſpirit of patience, that I and they being of one mind, may doe our endeuours, and bend our whole ſtrength to the reedifieng of mother Sion, which traueleth with ſorrowes, and ſinketh in the miſt of hereſies, vnles thou pul her out by the hand of thy mercie: which doe, ô gratious God, I beſeech thee, Amen.

A praier for the ſouldiour.

THis world is nothing elſe but a ſea of trouble, here ỹ diuel ſtormeth, there the world frowneth, on

euerie ſide the fleſh aſſaulteth vs, ſo that our life may wel be tearmed a warfare, and our daies a treaſure of dangers. O Lord, with the anchor of thy mercie vphold vs, that we ſink not in the ſea of this troublous time: but guide vs with thy holie ſpirit, that our liues may pleaſe thee, and wee in our death praiſe thee: through Ieſus Chriſt our Lord. Plant the tree of peace among vs, let it flouriſh to the gladdening of our harts: that al diſſention cut off, we may be linked in one knot of Chriſtian vnitie, gathered into one ſheepfold, and guided by thee our onelie and one ſhepheard. Let nothing ſunder the members of thy bodie,

bodie, but cheriſh and nouriſh them with a ful perſuaſion of brotherhood, in the vnitie of our Sauiour, and thee our one and onlie father, Amen.

A praier in time of dearth.

O Mightie God and maker of althings: thou art iuſt, and in iuſtice haſt thou ſcourged vs: we confeſſe it, ô Lord. Our liues haue deſerued thy whip, the exceſſiue riot of ſinne hath merited the famine and want of thy gratious benefits: but notwithſtanding louing Lord, burie our iniquities in the multitude of thy wonted goodnes, and bleſſe vs

with the ſtore of thy mercie, that as we may now declare thy iuſtice reuealed againſt ſinne: ſo likewiſe wee may preach and blaſe abrode to the world, the bottomles pit of thine infinite pitie. O gratious Lord, thou gaueſt thine onlie ſonne our Ieſus to the death, euen to the death of the croſſe, by his bitter paſſion to purchaſe our redemption. As thou haſt giuen him: ſo good Lord, giue vs al thy benefits with him, that as thou haſt by him redeemed vs, ſo wee in him may be ſuſteined, during this tranſitorie life, with fulnes of thy grace, til the daie of his great viſitation, when meeting him in the clouds, we ſhal be

ſet

ſet on his right hand, to liue with him in fulnes of ioie for euer. Defend vs, ô Lord, from extreme needines, and correct vs not in thine anger: but ſtore vs with ſufficient in thy mercie. Foode and raiment, good Lord, we aske no more. Giue vs and grant vs this our petition, and giue vs grace therwith to be content, Amen.

A praier against the feare of death.

THy handes haue framed me, ô lord. And whereas, to the blemiſh of al his poſteritie, father Adam made himſelfe through follie worſe than nothing, a curſed

caitife, euen thine vtter enimie: it pleased thee of vnmerited goodnes, to leaue the colledge of thy Saints: the ninetie nine iust sheepe, the band of thy blessed Angels, to seeke the straieng sheepe, the grote that lost that roial stampe of a pure nature, to the vtter disgracing of al his progenie.

Man, this lost sheepe thou soughtest, ô Iesus, thou foundest sweet Iesus, by death thou foundest her, by bleeding paines thou foundest her, by nailed hands and bored feete thou foundest her, by a sharpe & thornie crowne, which pearced thy glorious head, by sheding of thine owne blood, by drinking of vineger in thine extreme

extreme thirſt, by ſuffering the moſt violent death of the croſſe thou foundeſt her: and ſo foundeſt thy loſt ſheepe, man, loſt man, ſinful man, the child of wrath, ô Ieſus.

O louing Ieſus, & tender harted Samaritan, that of a ſicke haſt ſalued, of a ſore ſinner haſt ſaued him, of a wicked creature waſhed him cleane in the ſtreame of thine ineſtimable mercie. O Ieſu, ô gratious Ieſu, thou haſt ſought loſt man, and found loſt man, by condemning ſinne, by breaking the bands of the diuel, by conquering hel, ſinne, death and diuel, in the fleſh.

Sith therefore thou haſt, ô louing Ieſu, pitiful Ieſu, of thy mercie

mercie, ſhed thy blood, not onlie for my firſt father Adam, but alſo for me, euen for the whole world, that as ſinne ouerran al men to condemnation by one man: ſo in thee al the nations of the world might be bleſſed. And ſith thou haſt not onelie made a ful purgation for my ſinnes, being the ſlaughtered lambe, that haſt taken awaie the ſinnes of the world: but alſo ſung a conqueſt ouer ſinne, which hath loſt his ſting, death which was dead, & hel which had loſt the victorie, and the dragon which thou ouercameſt in heauen, by preaching libertie to captiues, and leading captiuitie captiue, there is no cauſe why

I ſhould faint and feare death.

Arme me therefore, ô Lord, with this faith, that thou haſt daſhed death in peeces with the rod of thy merits, & drowned the diuel in the riuers of thy pretious blood, that no torment or biting paine of the fleſh ſunder mee from thee moſt louing Ieſu: but imprint in my hart thy grace, that in greateſt anguiſh I may be ſo farre from the feare of it, as rather to crie with thy Saints: *Come Lord Ieſu, come*: and deſire to be diſſolued with Paul, and to be with thee my louing husband, than by anie pangs of death to refuſe thee. O Lord doe thy good wil, Amen.

Ano-

Another.

OVr Father which art in heauen, thou art life: how ſhal I come vnto thee? there is no waie, ô Lord, but thy ſelfe: no man commeth vnto thee but by thee. There is no remedie but this veſſel of earth muſt be broken, before I ſhal ſee thee face to face, euen as thou art in fulnes of glorie. Duſt to duſt, aſhes to aſhes, claie to claie, earth muſt returne to earth, to paie this borowed tabernacle to earth whereof it came. Graſſe muſt wither, the flower muſt fade, the vapour vaniſh, I muſt be diſſolued before I ſhal be ioined fullie to thee my head, and onlie vine, wherein I liue. Thy purſeuant ſicknes

ſicknes muſt viſit this bodie of ſinne, and death muſt rowe me ouer the ſeas of this world, vnto thee in the barke of faith, by the anchor of thy couenants made to the houſe of Dauid. O Lord therefore giue me grace to welcome death, by which I muſt paſſe to life, that dieng in thee, I may bee bleſſed, and liue in the ſtore-houſe of thy ioies for euer, Amen.

Another.

O Louing husband, mine onlie Ieſus, ſleepe not, ſlumber not: but awake my ioie, awake my comfort, and loſe the bands of my miſerie. Death, death, ô Lord, thou haſt nailed to the tree, by thy pretious

ous paſſion, and drowned Satan the prince of darknes in the ſtreamie flood of thy bleſſed blood. Sweete Ieſus, louing Lord, and husband mine, lock vp the faith of this thy merit in my hart, and clip mee in the ſweete armes of thy woonted comfort. Kiſſe me, kiſſe me: pitious Ieſus, pitie me, and be not angrie with me. Diuorce me not, ô merciful Ieſus: but marrie me in mercie, & cal me in thy fauor to the marriage of grace, that being thine by the teſtimonie of thy ſpirit, I may ſing with a braſen face: *Sinne, where is thy ſting? hel, where is thy victorie*. Mercie, ô Lord, mercie, loue, louing God, loue is thy name: mercie is my ſute,

ô bottomles pitie : thy loue I labor and crie for: Lord, Lord, Ieſus thou ſon of Dauid haue mercie vpon me, and ſpread foorth the banners of thy comfort, that I may knowe that I am thine, and knowing it, may neuer diſtruſt thine ineſtimable mercie, Amen.

Another in fourme of a confeſſion.

IN thy Name, ô Lord, Amen. I acknowledge to the publiſhing of God his glorie, and the comfort of my ſoule, that I am God his owne child, that he hath created me of nothing: redeemed me being loſt, & preſerued me from

from the wombe til this time. In him haue I onelie trusted, and neuer shal bee confounded. Beloued friendes in the Lord, for your comfort & mine owne dutie, heare my confession, which euerie Christian is bound to make. I acknowledge therefore in the face of God almightie, before you al, that whether I liue or die I am his. He hath suffered death to saue me from death, hee was crowned with thornes to crowne me with glorie: hee was bored and nailed to the tree, to naile and to crucifie the sinnes of the whole world. He was content to be pearced with a speare, yea so pearced, that the blood gushed out: and

for

for nothing elſe but to waſh me cleane from the ſore of ſin, in the ſtreames of his mercie. For this with one conſent let vs crie, Our ſoules doe magnifie the Lord, and our ſpirits reioice in God our Sauiour. Secondlie I confeſſe, that though Chriſt in his pretious blood hath clenſed me from the filth of ſinne, that notwithſtanding I doe nothing in this preſent life, but heape ſinne vpon ſin, and hourd vp treſpas vpon treſpas, ſo that this daie is worſe alwaies than yeſterday, by increaſing as daies, ſo ſins: and therefore the indignation of God againſt me. But yet thoſe of hel ſhal not be able to preuaile againſt me. For there

is

is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Iesus my Sauiour. Thirdlie I confes that as my life is sinful, so it is short. Like a smoke, like a shadowe, like a warfare, like a flower that fadeth, grasse that withereth, a word that soone passeth, it is like a bubble in the water, a weauers shuttle: it is a span long and no moe. Againe, it is not onelie short but also miserable. For it is an exile, a vale of miserie, it is a wildernes, it is stuffed with sorrowes, a cage of enimies, a sea of miseries, a dungeon of gronings & greeuous sobbings: it is a storme, a tempest that wonderfulie troubleth the people of our heauenlie father: beleeue me, it is

no

no better than a womans trauel, and that is extremelie miſerable: and therefore, as not onlie ſhort, but alſo wretched I am willing to forſake it. Yea death, welcome death, ſicknes, ſicknes of al meſſengers welcome art thou. Adue vile life, farewel life, ſinful life adue: and welcome death the purſeuant of my louing Sauiour. For by thee my miſerie ſhal end. From war to peace, from this ſtormie world into the calme countrie of heauen: from gronings and ſobbings, from this vallie of ſighings, to the palace of ioie: from earth to heauen, from ſinful men & wild beaſts to beloued friends, by death I ſhal paſſe to life, to haue the compa-

companie of holie Patriarks, and blessed Saints, to haue the sight of the glorious Trinitie, to haue and inherit such ioies, as neither eie hath seene, nor eare heard, nor hart euer conceiued. By death I shal hāue libertie without imprisonment, health without sicknes, ioie without sorrow, pleasure without paine, in such securitie, eternitie, & perpetuitie as passeth al thoughts. The holie ones of God my father, the blessed Angels and Archangels, they haue attained it, but neuer can they sufficientlie esteeme of it. So that, ô death, thou art welcome: welcome sicknes, for my Lord Iesus hath now sent thee to fetch me from this

this prison to his palace, from a strange contrie to my home, from this place of teares and mourning to the daie of marriage, sweete Iesus, to marrie thee in thy mercies for euer. Heare deerelie beloued, heare and reioice with me. Sicknes is come, death is in comming as a pursuant from my louing Iesus, to cite me to appeere before him, that he may appoint me a mansion in his fathers house, to sit with him at the table of ioie for euer. O the ioie and onelie ioie of a Christian! Now I shal lie no more in this prison: now I shal haue Pauls wish: for I shal be deliuered from this bodie of sinne: now shal I depart in peace with Simeon

meon to haue that peace that paſſeth al vnderſtanding, and ſurmounteth al thought. Now, now ſhal I ſee the amiable tabernacles of my Lord: now ſhal I enter the courts of my God, where one daie is better than a thouſand elſewhere: now ſhal I be a doorekeeper in the houſe of mine heauenlie father: now ſhal I appeare before the preſence of God: now doth his kingdom come, now Lord Ieſus, now thou comeſt to carrie my ſoule into ioy. Into thy hands therefore I cõmit my ſpirit. Beloued brethren this is my teſtament, which I leaue vnto you: it offereth great ioie, and no matter of teares. Shed therefore no

teares,

teares, for better is the daie of death than the daie of birth. I entered my life with a crie, it coſt my mother paine and teares to beare mee, but yet it coſt my louing Ieſus his blood to ſaue mee, you, and al the world. Enuie not therefore my luckines, that now I ſhal paſſe from you out of this vale of teares, vnto him, who died that I with him might liue in ioie for euer.

If you wil mourne, mourne for your owne ſinnes, mourne for your ſelues, that you ſhal not ſo ſoone ſup with God my father as I ſhal do: & mourne not for me: for you ſhal ſhortlie folowe me, and loſe me but for a time, whome you ſhal ſee

in heauen for euer. For blessed are the dead, that die in the Lord, whose name for euer be glorified, Amen.

A praier for the rich man.

THou art the welspring of al good things, ô louing Lord: thou art the rich storehouse and chest of mercy for al naked Adamites. O loue inestimable! We are borne into this vale of miserie, not onelie wicked in soule, but also naked in bodie: a deserued entrance for vs by father Adam, through desire of souereigntie: but an vndeserued thing it is, ô good God, that

that notwithſtanding our merited pouertie, & deſerued nakednes, by rebellion againſt thy maieſtie, thou ſhouldeſt thus clothe me with thy benefits: with plentie againſt penurie, with friendſhip againſt enimitie, with health againſt ſicknes, with ſtore againſt needines. This, ô Lord, is an vnmerited benefite, for the which after my bounden dutie, I giue thee hartie thanks. But what ſhal I ſaie? what ſufficient thanks ſhal I render vnto thee? for thou haſt not onelie armed mee againſt pouertie: but alſo choſen me as a ſteward, to vnlocke the cheſt of thy benefites to needie Lazarus, that as thou haſt loued me, ſo

I ſhould tender thee in him. O Lord giue me thy grace, that I may be thy ſteward, by clothing the naked, by feeding the hungrie, lodging the harbourles, and defending the fatherles: that I may be able to render a faithful account of my ſtewardſhip vnto thee in the daie of reuelation. Grant this, ô father, for Chriſt his ſake, Amen.

Another.

O Father of heauen, and rich God of mercie. Behold thy poore creature, in ſin rich, in grace poore: beſtowe vpon mee ſome mite of thy mercie, clothe mee with the merits of thy ſonne Ieſus, and bathe my naked bodie in his pretious

pretious blood : satisfie my hungrie soule with a crum of thy gratious blessings, that being clothed with the armour of his meritorious passion, I neede not to feare the naked, the desperate corruption, or rather wages of nature. Moisten my hart with the honiedew of thy great & rich grace, that as thou hast inriched me beyond my desert, being by sinne an euimie vnto thee : so I may continue rich in good workes, to the profite of my neighbours, to the comfort of mine owne soule, and to the manifestation of thy glorious maiestie. O Lord, thou art a zealous God, such a God as wisheſt my health, and the

ſafetie of thy creatures, haue therefore mercie vpon mee, bleſſe me with faith towards thee, with loue towards my neighbour, and a godlie care towards my ſelfe, that thou in thy ſelfe maieſt be magnified, and my conſcience reioice in the teſtimonie of a good life, whoſe reward in thy ſonne Chriſt is life eternal, Amen.

The beggers praier.

O Mightie Lord, and prouident GOD, ỹ ſtewardes of thy plentious ſtore-houſe are not moued to feede the hungrie, to clothe the naked, and lodge the poore pilgrim at his pitious crie: but not-

notwithſtanding al this their tyrannie, Father forgiue them, and pardon me: as I forgiue them that haue treſpaſſed againſt me. Rake the fire of charitie out of the dead aſhes, and quicken it, ô Lord, that I may warme mee in thy familie, in time of extremitie: and they be readie in thy great audit to render a ful account of their ſtewardſhip vnto thee. But firſt of al doe I beg grace of thee, that I may ſeeke thy kingdome, and ſo be perſuaded in hart by thy word, that I ſhal want nothing, but that al other things ſhal be added vnto me. This doe I aske of thee, ô father of heauen, that euer crieſt, Aske & haue. Giue me

faith to aske in certaintie, that I may looke without doubt for this thy craued mercie, ô Lord I beseech thee, Amen.

Another.

HAue mercie vpon me, ô Lord, and pardon mine offences. The rich men of this world wil scarse looke vpon me, or vouchsafe to relieue my necessitie with the crums of their ouerstreaming tables. But yet, ô Lord, I beseech thee forgiue them, and denie me not the crums of thy grace: but looke vpon me with the pitious eie of thy louing countenance. Assist me so, ô Lord, with thy holie spirit, that being alwaies content with my calling, I may seeke to serue thee in

in holines and purenes of liuing without feare al the daies of my life. Beate me with pouertie, beate me ô Lord, ſtrike, wound, doe thy good wil, ô louing God: ſo thou ſaue me of thy mercie, wherein lieth al the ioie of my ſoule. Giue me thy grace, neuer to miſdoubt thy prouidence, that neuer doubting of thy fatherly care, I may with a gladſome hart endure the end of my warfare. Giue me a contented mind, let thy wil be my wil, and my wil awaies anſwerable to thy wil, that I neuer offend thee, but do my dutie in louing thee,

and wiſhing wel to
al the world,
Amen.

The widowes praier.

O LORD, I thanke thee that thou haſt ſcourged me with the death of mine husband. He was bone of my bones, and fleſh of my fleſh: he by the couenant of matrimonie was made one bodie with me: thou gaueſt him vnto mee, and thou haſt taken him from me: bleſſed be thy name for euer. The bands of death haue ſundered me from him: but I hope, ô Lord, by the power of thy holie ſpirit, that nothing ſhal be able to ſeparate me from thee mine onelie Ieſus, the onelie ioie of my ſoule. Put the axe of thy mer-

mercie to the roote of wanton nature, and cut it off, that I doe not marrie the vanitie of this wicked world: but put vpon me the garment of innocencie, and tie about my hart the iewel of faith, that I may onelie marrie thee in the couenant of thy heauenlie father, louing Ieſus, and haue nothing to doe with the adulterer the diuel, the father of deadlie fornication. This is the only bed of ioie, wherin I wil ſleepe, ô Lord: & the onlie arke of cõfort, wherin I wil ſaile, til I ſhal ſee thee face to face. To whome be praiſe and honour both now and euer, Amen.

The

The tenants praier.

I Thanke thee, ô father of heauen, that thou haſte made mee after thine owne image. Thou mighteſt haue made mee a frog, a worme, a tree, but thou haſt not done it, ô Lord? and what was in cauſe? ſurelie not my merit, for I was not before ỹ madeſt me: it was thy mercie, good Lord, the true mother of al mankind. Thou haſt not made me a king, a ruler, a lord: no Lord, but I thanke thee for it, thou haſt made me a tenant of men, but yet in thee, that euer I might acknowledge thee in them my chiefe Lord in

in heauen. Giue me grace, ô Lord, to be thankful for this thy wil, and dutifulie to walke in my vocation, and giue me thy grace, that as I am a tenant to man, ſo I may alwaies be a tenant to thee, to doe thee ſeruice, to paie thee yeerelie my hourelie rent, which is a thankful hart for al thy benefits. If man would haue mee to doe wrong againſt right, Lord giue me grace to conſider, that better it is to be thy tenant than mans. If the diuel and the world entiſing mee to walke wantonlie, ſeeke my deſtruction: giue me grace, ô God, to conſider, that althings are ſubiect to thine vniuerſal power: and ſhal not they obeie? how then

then can they or dare they aſſault me to hurt me, faſtening the anchor of my faith vpon ſo ſure and firme a rocke ? If the fleſh make warre againſt the ſpirit, to make me ſeruiceable to ſinne, miniſter ſtrength vnto me, ô Lord, that being thy tenant, and a child of thy familie, I may winne the field, and fighting valiantlie, may bee crowned eternalie, with thy ſonne Ieſus my bleſſed Sauiour, Amen.

The fatherles childes praier.

O Lord, ſo narrowe is the mouth of charitie, ſo conſumed is the firebrand

brand of Chriſtian loue, that although the foxes haue their holes, and birds their neſts, yet haue we no place to reſt our heads on. As pilgrimes wee wander from place to place, and are driuen with the winds of pinching pouertie vpon the ſeas of this world to ſeeke reliefe: but alas and woe to the world for it. The rich man deuoureth al ſuperfluouſlie, or elſe hourdeth vp to fil his garners nigardlie: ſo that Lazarus may not onlie walke amid the ſtreetes naked, but alſo lie begging at the gates ful ſore, and yet go without the crums which fal from the table, to eaſe the tune of his neceſſitie. O Lord therfore do I flie vnto thee:

thee: haue thou mercie vpon me: for it is onlie thou, which filleſt with thy bleſſing euerie liuing thing. I am better than a farthing ſparrowe, ô Lord: thou knoweſt it, & I acknowledge it to my comfort. Feede my ſoule with the fleſh of thy ſonne, and let me drinke of his blood, that ſeeking firſt thy kingdome, I may in the end be crowned with glorie, and ſit at the table of ioie in heauen with thee. O Lord grant this, I beſeech thee,

Amen.

A Sword againſt the *feare of death.*

Wherein is liuelie declared, *with what weapons a* Chriſtian ſouldier ſhould *fight, to hold and keepe* his owne: made *by the ſaid* E. H.

The firſt weapon: *Conſider thy ſelfe.*

MAN doth conſiſt of two partes, an earthly bodie, and ſoule ſpiritual. Thy bodie what is it? It is a caſe of thy ſoule, ſuch a caſe as is a priſon,

ſon, and therefore Dauid deſirous of life eternal, and the ſight of his maſter Chriſt, cried out: Oh! how long ſhal I lie in this priſon? Yea this caſe of the ſoule is ſuch a cage of filth, as a man of God hath ſaid, that no Bocardo, no dungeon, no ſinke, no puddle, no pit is in anie reſpect ſo euil a priſon for this bodie, as the bodie is of the ſoule. For it is ſuch a caſe, as ſtinketh in the ſight of God: a bodie of ſinne is this cage of the ſoule, and therefore cried Paule out, Oh wretch that I am! who ſhal deliuer me from this bodie of ſinne?

Behold, deere Chriſtians, ſuch an heauie burden was the bodie to the ſoule, that Paule was

was willing to giue this world a farewel,& with father Simeon he wiſhed that he might depart in peace. Oh that we had this courage of Paule! or were as godlie wiſe as Dauid, to locke that vp in the cloſet of our harts, which they had fullie digeſted. For then wee ſhould haue a wiſhed famine of mourning Chriſtians,or rather vnchriſtian Painims, who doe weepe and waile for the diſſolution of this earthie and fraile tabernacle,which Dauid longed for, and Paule with father Simeon deſired.

Dauid that father of the faithful,and mouth of the holie ſpirit, he was a man after God his owne hart,whom God had ſpiced

ſpiced with grace, and made of his mercie a veſſel of honor. He was a piller of mother Sion, he liued in the childhood of the Church, when the cloud of the lawe did yet ouerſhadowe the appeerance of the ſunne in fulnes of comfort. He deſired to ſee the daie, but could not ſee it, which is now paſt, wherein the ſonne of God hath opened fullie the ſtorehouſe of ioie: and yet being wearie of the burden of his bodie, and willing to forſake it, as a moſt ſtinking priſonhouſe, without al feare of death, he crieth out, Oh! how long ſhal I lie in this priſon?

Paule ioineth hands with father Dauid, euen Paule, that notable

notable organ of the holie Ghoſt, who ſaid of himſelfe: It is not I that liue, but Chriſt that liueth in me. He that in bodie ſawe the Lord,& knewe that as a vapour his life ſhould vaniſh, & ſo he in a ſmal ſpace ſhould ſup with his maiſter Chriſt in heauen, after his aſcenſion: yet carrieng about himſelfe this caſe of the ſoule, accounteth himſelf wretched, and therefore crieth out: Oh wretch that I am! who ſhal deliuer me frõ this bodie of ſin? As if he ſhould haue ſaid, I knowe that the time wil come when men wil faint in faith, and broch infidelitie: when this life ſhal bee more loued than wiſelie lothed,& this bodie

die more esteemed than godlines wil suffer. I knowe foolish parents wil be so bewitched with the immoderate loue of their children, that they wil grudge at the wil of God, when he calleth them, and sorrowe and sigh a long time after their departures, which is both sinne and follie. But I tel them, that they ought to reioice, because they are rested from their labours, because they are passed from death to life, because they are blessed. For wretch, ô wretch that I am! who shal deliuer me out of this bodie of sinne?

The bodie which you haue lost, is but a bodie of sinne, it is but a prison of the soule, as father

ther Dauid ſpeaketh, it is but a burden of the ſoule: ſo that by death they are deliuered from ſinne to ſafetie, from impriſonment to libertie, from a yoke of miſerie to endles felicitie: and therefore, oh wretch that I am! who ſhal deliuer me from this bodie of ſinne? Paule indeede knewe that this world was an exile, and heauen his contrie, that he was a pilgrim, this world but an Inne, & heauen his home: nay, at a ſight of his owne countrie when hee was rapt, he ſawe at his owne home, whence by ſin he was baniſhed in Adam, ſuch ioies as eie neuer ſawe, nor eare heard, nor hart euer conceiued. Theſe are the ioies which

ſhal

ſhal endure for euer, for number vnmeaſurable, for durance perpetual, and without end or period. And therefore let euerie Chriſtian bee readie and willing, in ioy of ſpirit, to welcome death, and in token therof learne to crie out with Paul: Oh wretch that I am! who ſhal deliuer me from this bodie of ſinne?

Let vs account our ſelues wretched, as long as we carrie this weed of earth about vs, vntil our ſoules be vncaſed, and wee deliuered from this bodie of ſinne. But if examples wil not be of force to ſchoole vs, yet let nature ſpeake and preuaile. The ſecond cauſes, whereof you are made, are the foure

foure elements, which concur to the conſtitution of euerie mixt creature, and being euer at combat, doe alſo naturalie worke the ſhipwracke of the ſame, according to the common axiom and rule of nature. The cauſes of corruption are al one with the cauſes of generation: and therefore vnles we wil denie nature, and be vnthankful to God for our creation, we may not in anie caſe feare death, which is mothered vpon nature, our common and general mother. But if neither example, nor nature wil preuaile, yet let the authoritie of our heauenlie Creator, and his wiſedome, compel vs to welcome death,

and to accept willinglie the condition of our bodies.

Our bodies and ſoules God created, he made them by the power of his almightie hand, and hath lent them vnto vs but for a time to vſe; til mother earth require the bodie, and he our ſoules. For, as of earth we came: ſo into earth wee muſt returne againe: & therefore, vnles we wil be vnthankful to nature, and rebellious to God, we muſt be willing to paie our debts vnto him, leaſt if we doe it not, he caſt vs into priſon, til we haue paid the vtmoſt farthing. So much for thy bodie.

Now conſider thy ſoule. As thy bodie is a priſon, ſo is thy

ſoule

ſoule during this pilgrimage a priſoner: as it is a bodie of ſinne, ſo is thy ſoule lodged in a ſtinking priſon: as it is of earth, earthie: ſo is thy ſoule an exile from heauen, heauenlie: and therefore to feare death, it is to feare the deliuerie of thy ſoule from priſon, which is meere follie: it is to wiſh a ſtinking lodging, and a filthie cage to dwel in, and euer to carie it about thee, which is extreme miſerie: it is to wiſh thy continual baniſhment from the ioiful realme of heauen, thy natural countrie, which is extreme madnes. So that, vnles you wil be counted fooliſh, wretched, careleſſe and mad, who are willed to be as wiſe as

2. ſerpents,

ſerpents, you muſt in no caſe feare death, which is the beſt gheſt that euer came to the godlie. For now there is no cõdemnation to them that are in Chriſt Ieſus, but bleſſed are the dead that die in the Lord.

The ſecond weapon:

Conſider thy life.

IT is ſhort, vncerteine, and miſerable. It is ſhort: for man that is borne of a woman hath but a ſhort time to liue: the daies of man are the daies of an hireling, yea wind, and nothing: as father Iob telleth vs. A man in his time is but graſſe, and floriſheth as a flower of the field.

For

For as ſoone as the wind goeth ouer it, it is gone, and the place thereof knoweth it no more: as the prophet Dauid teacheth.

There is a time to be borne, and a time to die. And man is like a thing of naught, his daies paſſe awaie like a ſhadowe. It is the proclamation of the Lord, vttered by Eſaie, that al fleſh is graſſe, and al the glorie of man as the flower of graſſe. And it is told vs by Paule, that here we haue no continuing citie, but we ſeeke for one to come. This it is which is ſhadowed vnto vs in ſundrie ſimilitudes. Iames ſaieth: Our life is euen a vapour that appeereth for a little time, and then vaniſheth awaie. Our

daies on the earth alſo are but as a ſhadowe, & there is none abiding. They are like a bubble in the water, like a weauers ſhuttle, like a ſmoke, they are like a thought, ſoone conceiued, and ſoone ended. Dailie experience doth teach vs thus much. For we ſee, that by ſome ſtorme or other, the greene apple falleth before the mellowed fruit, the lambe is brought to the ſlaughterhouſe as wel as the ſheepe, the chicken is killed for the broth as wel & ſooner than the cock: yoong men paſſe awaie as wel as old, our daies are ſhort, our life is as the ſhadowe.

Now therefore reaſon with me. Shal we feare death for the loſſe

losse of a shadowe? shal we by sighes and sobs storm against the Lord for the losse of a vapour? nay, shal we not rather be glad to forgo the shadowe, and by death desire to be knit more fullie to our bodie Iesus, whereof we are members in faith and hope? ô ye of little faith, crie vnto the God of heauen: Lord increase our faith. Be content to leaue this vaporous life, and welcome death, and crie in a ful beliefe, Come Lord Iesu, come, shorten these latter daies for thine elect sake and saue vs. Saue vs, ô Lord, saue vs, haue mercie vpon vs, and helpe vs: helpe Lord, and by a blessed death cite vs to appeere before thee. For one

daie in thy court, is better than a thouſand elſewhere: Amen.

Secondlie, conſider that thy life is vncerteine. For death is like a theefe, that commeth at vncerteine houres, he is like a thundercracke, that ſoundeth on a ſudden: yea, this life is ſo vncerteine, that death may aske his due in the ſwathcloth, and none be able to reſiſt him. He is alwaies a prince, he ruleth not onelie in the harueſt, but alſo in the ſpring time, and ſummer. Yoong men & babes, old men and maides, greene and ripe, al are one: death accepteth no perſons, he regardeth not our yeeres, but with his ſithe on a ſudden he cutteth al downe. So that our life

is

is like a ruinous houſe, alwaies readie to fal: like a thin thred, alwaies readie to rot: like a running cloud, wherof we are vncerteine, where and when it falleth. This cloud ſometimes melteth in the cradle, ſometimes in the chaire. Death is like the ſunne, whenſoeuer it ſhineth, it melteth our cloudie life, be the cloud thereof neuer ſo thin or thicke in yeeres.

Our life now being as vncerteine as the weathercocke, which turneth at euerie blaſt: or like the waue, which mounteth at euerie ſtorme: or like the reede, which boweth at euerie whiſteling wind: why ſhould we loue it, and not rather lothe it, in compariſon of

the euerduring life of the heauenlie citizens, whereunto by death we passe in mercie? Oh that al Christians would ingraue in their harts, the wauering daies of this vncerteine life: and consider and looke for, in a ful faith, the certeintie of that ioiful life, whereunto death doth bring vs! For then would wee, that saile as pilgrims on the waters of this world, and are tossed daungerouslie by sundrie pirats, the flesh, sinne, and the diuel, desire, & with hartie praier craue of the Lord, that in the barke of a liuelie faith, by his mariner death: he would carrie vs to the certeine and blessed life of his Saints.

If

If we were thus godlie wise, to consider the vncerteintie of this momentanie life: or so happie, as to ponder the eternal felicitie of Ierusalem, and restful Canaan, we would rather ioie and be merie, when sicknes and death shal visit vs, than mourne and sorrowe for it. For they are the Lords ambassadours, which are sent to bring vs tidings, that dinner and supper is readie, and the banket of glorie to be ministred: and that we must come without tarrieng to marrie him, and to enioie him face to face, euen as he is: and therefore with willing mind to paie our debted bodies to mother earth, whereof we borrowed them:

them : and to him our ſoules, that he may marrie them in the couenant of his eternal mercies.

We are borne into this world naked, our heritage is ſin and miſerie, our life is labour and ſorrowe, we our ſelues are but tenants vnder mother earth, concerning our bodies : and vnder God, concerning our ſoules: which God, our God of ioie, and father of comfort, by his owne ſonne, hath bought vs an inheritance immortal, and vndefiled for euer, vnto the which by ſicknes & death, as the meſſengers of his wil, he calleth vs.

Is al this ſo ? and ſhal we feare death ? no : for ſhame let

vs

vs bid adue to this ſhort and vncerteine life, and receiue death in ioie of ſpirit, as an accompliſhment of the obligation of his couenant, wherewith hee bound himſelfe, of meere mercie, beyond our merit, that we ſhould neuer ſee death, but haue euerlaſting life.

Vnleſſe therefore you wil mourne againſt death, becauſe by it you paſſe from an vncerteine, to a certeine life: from theſe ſorowing and wauering daies, to an euerlaſting and incorruptible inheritance: and ſo ſhew your ſelues rather willing to haue the fleſhpots in Aegypt for euer, than to paſſe to heauen, and to eate of comfortable

fortable manna, not in the wildernes, but in new Ieruſalem: ſee that ye feare not death, but loue it, and welcome it, whenſoeuer the Lord wil ſend it vnto you.

Thirdlie, conſider thy life is miſerable. It is not onlie ſhort, but alſo miſerable: yea, I may wel terme it a kingdome of miſeries. New borne babes do what they can, to perſuade vs of the truth of this matter. For they begin not this life with ſmiling countenance, but with weeping eies. By their crie, what elſe doth nature ſing or ſignifie vnto vs, but that thorough our ſins, our life is beecome a continual warfare, and the world our enimie, euen a vale

vale of miſerie, beſet with thornes to pricke vs on euerie ſide?

Righteous Abel found in his life time, a thorne of his owne blood to trouble him, euen Cain his owne brother to bathe his blade in his blood, & villanouſlie to murder him. Iohn Baptiſt, the bright daie ſtar, and forerunner of Chriſt, the ſunne of righteouſnes, he found a thornie Herod to behead him: and holie Steeuen, ſtonie Iewes to diſpatch him. Yea, what is this life but a fardle of miſerie, wherein Chriſt our bleſſed ſauior taſted of nothing, but of the ſower grape of perſecution? For, no ſooner was this lambe of God come into

into the world: but Herod, by the decree of his helliſh conuocation, was readie to deuoure him: this was a miſerie to mother Marie. And maruelouſlie doth it paint out the miſerie of this life, that the honie babe Ieſus, the verie lambe of God, and light of this world, is ſo welcomen into the world, which intended miſchiefe.

And where he, by the prouidence of his heauenlie father, eſcaped the ſnare of the rauenous fowler: yet for his ſake doe the children and ſucklings of Bethleem, and al the coaſts thereof, as manie as were two yeeres old and vnder, preach vnto vs the miſerie of this our life. The voice that was heard

in

in Ramah, mourning, weping, and great lamentation, Rachel weeping for hir children, without al comfort, becauſe they were not, teacheth vs, and crieth out vpon the miſerable life of man.

If al careles Epicures would aske the iudgement of father Iob in this caſe, he would expound the myſtical cries of tender ſucklings: that man, which is borne of a woman, hath not onelie a ſhort time to liue, but alſo a miſerable life to lead: that his life is a warfare, continual labour and ſorowe. This iudgement of Iob, without al doubt, was rooted in him and his brother Ieremie. And thereof it came, without queſtion,

queſtion, that they did curſe, not onlie the daie of birth, but alſo him that brought the meſſage to their father, that a child was borne. They had fullie conſidered the degrees of their miſerie. Their birth place was but a foule and filthie dungeon, they themſelues were but a ſubſtance of blood, and inſtruments of their mothers: their nouriſhment little better than venom, & their birth not without extreme pains of the deere mother, and violent offence of their tender bodies.

They knew throughlie that they were conceiued in filth and vncleannes, borne in ſinne and care; and nouriſhed with paine and labour. They did

knowe

knowe themſelues to haue bin like cralling wormes, and that at their entrie into this world they were apparelled with blood. And therefore conſidering their miſerable condition, they curſed the daie of their wretched birth.

Yea, this made father Ieremie to wiſh, that his mothers wombe had ſerued for his tombe: and father Eſaie to bewaile his birth, and to murmur againſt the knees that held him vp, and alſo the breaſts that gaue him ſucke. They had fullie conceiued, that man was made of the ſlime of the earth, conceiued in ſinne, borne in paine, and at the laſt made a praie for wormes. This miſerie

of

of mans life had they fullie digeſted, and therefore wiſhed to haue died before they were borne.

Come hither now, beloued Chriſtians: we are manie an ace ſhort of Iob, Ieremie, or Eſaie, in life and in iudgment. One, after a through ſifting of this miſerable life, wiſhed that his mothers wombe had bene his tombe: another murmured at the paps that gaue him ſuck, the third curſed the daie of his birth: and not onelie that, but him alſo that firſt declared it. Did they ſo little ſet by this miſerable life, as to curſe it: and ſo little loue the paps that noriſhed them, as to murmur againſt them: yea, the verie

rie knees that held them vp, and by reaſon of this wretched pilgrimage, to be ſo wearie of this life, as to wiſh they had bene buried in their mothers wombe ? and ſhal wee feare death ?

They wiſhed they had neuer liued : and ſhal we, for feare of death, wiſh euer, or a long time to liue ? they curſed the daie of their birth, who were holie men: and ſhal we weepe for the daie of death, the verie end of their wiſh ? did they murmur againſt the paps that gaue them ſucke, and ſhal not we welcome death, when the Lord ſendeth him ? nay, they murmured euen againſt the knees that did beare them vp :

and

and ſhal not we be willing to ſurrender head, feete, hands, hart, knees, and al, to mother earth, and to ſalute death in ioie of ſpirit?

Fie for ſhame! and out vpon vs! if we do not willinglie, and merilie wiſh, and crie: Thy kingdome come, ô father of heauen! Come Lord Ieſus, come. Let vs denie the old man, and cheriſh our hope that wee haue in the ful merits of Chriſt: that when the Lord ſhal cal, we may come vnto him, without anie rebellion. And as for death, account of it but as a moſt bleſſed end or period of this wretched life, & an axe that cutteth off al miſeries: and therefore feare it not.

The

The third weapon:

Consider the commodities of death.

WE are toſſed & turmoiled vpon the ſeas of this world, with manie a dangerous tempeſt: euen til we be wearie, or at leaſt ſhould be with holie Paule, of our ſhort, vncerteine, & miſerable liues: and then doth the Lord, euen of mercie, cal vs to reſt and ioie with his Saints in heauen: that reſting from our labours, wee may continualie praiſe him with the band of his holie Angels.

By death he deliuereth vs from danger, and therefore to arme

arme vs againſt the feare ther-of, it pleaſed the holie ſpirit, to cal death a ſleepe: by the which being diſpatched of al aduerſities, we are brought to our graues, therein to lie, as it were in a ſoft featherbed, and in a ſweete ſleepe, abiding the comming of Chriſt our Lord, when he ſhal knock at the bed and cal vs vp, to liue for euer with him, and his holie Angels.

Death therfore doth not ſwalow vp our bodies, though for a time they muſt lie in the bellie of mother earth. For death is a ſleepe, & as vnpoſſible as it is, that a whole man, being in a ſound ſleepe, ſhould not wake vp againe: euen ſo vnpoſſible

is

is it, that a Christian should continue in death for euer. And as for this sleepe, it is but a short sleepe: for the daie is at hand, and the time of iudgement draweth neere, when dead bodies shal arise, and the earth shal render them vp that be in her, that meeting and appearing together, with our beloued friends, and set vpon the right hand of his blessing, we may, as liuelie members, be fullie knit in our bodie Iesus.

So that death is but a sleepe, and a short sleepe, out of the which, we, and al our brethren, sisters, and friends that are departed in the Lord, shal rise, more fresh than euer we were,

to leaue this fraile and earthie bodie, and to haue it made like to the glorious bodie of Ieſus Chriſt.

And who now would feare death? or who ſhould grudge at the Lord, for caſting vs a ſleepe? death is a ſleepe, the earth is the Chriſtian mans featherbed, where he muſt lie, til the trumpet ſhal ſound to awake him, and cal him to iudgement. Who wil murmur againſt this neceſſitie? or rather, againſt this mercie? for mercie it is, that we die but for a time, or rather ſleepe for a time: where, of merit, wee ſhould die for euer.

And therefore, vnles by your gronings & ſighings you wil exclame

exclame againſt the mercie of the Lord, by the which you are ſaued, doe not feare death, or murmur againſt him: but bles him with father Iob, and thank him hartilie, that he hath granted thee thy dailie petition, wherein thou praieſt, ſaieng: Our father which art in heauen, thy wil be done, deliuer vs from euil.

For, as for the firſt, his wil is done, whenſoeuer anie man dieth. The verie farthing ſparrowe can not fal, without his prouidence: the heares of our head can not periſh, without his wil: much leſſe dieth anie man without his wil, who far ſurpaſſeth al farthing ſparrowes. So that to wiſh them

aliue that are departed in peace, it is to wish, that God his wil were not done: and what is that, but to wish, that God were no God? For, if God be God, his wil is iust, and must needes be done.

But as for manie, they wil acknowledge that the wil of God is done: againe, that his wil was iust in calling for their children, whome he had but lent them for a time: and yet wil carrie a biting sorrowe in their harts, and so wil they go neere to bring death vpon themselues. But to such mourning mothers I saie, Why doe you mourne? this life is a warfare, death is a sleepe. Why do you mourne? this life is short,

by

by condition, and ful of miſeries: by death they are bleſſed, and reſt from their labors.

Why doe you mourne? this life is a vapour: by death, for a vapour, they poſſeſſe an heauenlie and euerduring inheritance. Why doe you mourne? doe you not thinke that heauen is better than earth: that the companie of Angels, archangels, Patriarches, Prophets, Apoſtles, Martyrs, Confeſſors, Virgins, and the holie ones of God, is better than the felowſhip of men, and the companie of beaſts.

Doe you not beleeue, that ioie is better than ſorrowe? that life eternal is better than this ſhort, vaine, and vile life?

that it is better to ſee God face to face, and to followe the lambe Ieſus in heauen, in fulnes of ioie to poſſeſſe him, at his heauenlie table to banket with father Abraham, Iſaac, and Iacob, than to dwel with you? al our fare in this world is dung, in reſpect of the heauenlie meate, which Chriſt doth ſet before them that are paſſed by death to life: & why then doe you mourne?

Mourne not for them, for they are happie: happie and thriſe happie are they. But mourne for your ſelues, that be not ſo luckie as they: to be taken from this vale of miſerie, to the ſtorehouſe of felicitie, as they are. For by death they

they are not dead, but by death they are paſſed to life, to ſuch a life as paſſeth al vnderſtanding, the ioies whereof doe ſurmount the conceipt and thought, not onlie of man, but alſo of Angels & Archangels.

But miſerable are you, which doe yet carrie about you this earthie tabernacle: yea, euen in this one thing you are miſerable, vnles you repent, that you mourne for the death of your friends or children. For in that you denie the wil of God to bee iuſt, for that hee hath made man of earth, earthie and mortal.

Mourne for this your vnbeliefe, mourne for this your ſin, weepe for the ſinnes of your

youth, for your secret sinnes: and desire God to wipe and to wash your soules from al infection of sinne, that being prepared by death to folowe your friends and children, you may with willing harts, in a liuelie faith, giue a farewel to this world, and be readie to marrie Christ Iesus in glorie: to whome be al glorie, Amen.

A battel betweene the *Diuel and the Con-* science:

Wherein al true Christians are taught, how to oppose and set them *selues against the assaults of their* Archaduersarie Satan, made *in forme of a Dialogue,* by the said *E. H.*

Satan.

THou art a sinner, and therefore the child of wrath.

Conscience. I am a sinner Satan: I confes it, that in mee, that is, in my flesh,

 dwel-

dwelleth no good thing, which may moue my Lord to take pitie vpon me: but yet I denie thy conſequent. For though I be a ſinner, yet ſhal not my ſinnes preuaile againſt mee. For behold, ſaith Iohn, The lambe of God hath taken awaie the ſinnes of the world, he hath condemned ſinne in the fleſh, ſo that now there is no condemnation to them that are in Chriſt Ieſus.

Satan. I grant that there is no condemnation to them that are in Chriſt, but ſuch are in Chriſt, which walke not after the fleſh, as thou doeſt, continualie hourding vp treſpas vpon treſpas againſt the daie of iudgement.

Con-

Conſcience. Thou lieſt Satan. I walke not after the fleſh, but with Paule I wil the thing that is good, though I be not able to perfourme it, by reaſon of that combat, which is betwene the fleſh and the ſpirit. Indeed, at the leaſt I ſinne ſeuen times a daie: but notwithſtanding, auoid Satan: for Iohn telleth me, that if anie man ſinne, wee haue an aduocate with the father, Ieſus Chriſt the righteous, and he is the propitiation for the ſinnes of the world.

Satan. But how knoweſt thou that he wil be thine aduocate? For he is a righteous mediator, and therefore he wil not deale for thee a miſerable ſinner.

ſinner.

Con. I knowe it Satan, that he wil be mine aduocate. For ſo his holie word preacheth vnto me, which is the word of Chriſt the euerlaſting truth, which I by his grace wil neuer miſdoubt. And heerein thou ſheweſt what thou haſt beene, euen from the beginning a lier. For Iohn telleth me, that If anie man ſinne, yet there is an aduocate, and a righteous aduocate, euen Ieſus Chriſt the righteous.

Sat. Yea, but how dareſt thou looke vp to heauen, and flie to this aduocate, thou being a vile ſinner, and he a righteous God?

Con. In a ful faith of his mercie,

cie, Satan, I dare go to him. For he crieth to al laden and labouring Chriſtians: Come vnto me. And why then ſhuld I feare to go vnto him? eſpecialie, ſince he hath promiſed to refreſh me, if I come vnto him.

Sat. Thou maieſt go vnto him, but thou ſhalt find him a iudge. For he wil neuer refreſh thee with mercie, but puniſh thee with deſerued iudgment, and reward thee according to thy deſerts.

Con. Auoid Satan: for thou lieſt. I wil go to him in aſſurance of his mercie: for he is truth, and can not faile in his promiſe. He wil indeede reward me according to my deſerts:

ſerts: but what deſerts? Chriſt his deſerts are my deſerts: he by his death deſerued life for me and al the world, not for himſelfe, but for vs, according to the ſaieng of Peter, He bare our ſins in his bodie. And therefore, ſith Chriſt by his ful obedience, hath deſerued life, my deſert in him is life. And therefore wil I dare to go vnto my Lord and my God, for I am ſure of mercie.

Sat. I am the prince of darknes, and al ſinners belong to my kingdome. For the reward of ſinne is death, and therefore aſſure not thy ſelfe of mercie, for that is in vaine.

Con. Auoid Satan. For what though thou be the prince of dark-

darknes, yet doe I ſet thee at naught. I am a ſinner, but what of that Satan? my ſinnes haue loſt their ſting, and ſo maieſt thou gape for a praie, and go without a reward. For in the blood of Ieſus Chriſt am I purged from my ſinnes: yea, from al my ſinnes, the ſinnes of my childhood, my youth, my old age, committed in thought, word, or deede: whatſoeuer they haue bene, are, or ſhal be, they are drowned in the bottom of the ſea, and ſo couered in mercie, that the Lord wil neuer remember them.

Sat. Thou lieſt conſcience. For the Lord is iuſt, and therefore he wil remember them, that he may puniſh them.

Con.

Con. The Lord is righteous, thou foule diuel: iuſt, and true are al his waies, but yet thou lieſt in thy conſequent. For it ſtandeth not with his iuſtice, to remember our ſinnes, that he may puniſh vs, whoſe ſins he hath puniſhed in his ſonne Chriſt. Chriſt Ieſus, by his death, hath deliuered vs out of debt to the wrath of his heauenlie father, and purchaſed vs remiſſion of ſins. And therfore I am ſure, that as God is iuſt: ſo he wil not remember my ſinnes, to puniſh them in me againe, ſith his ſonne hath paid this debt for me. For it is againſt iuſtice, that anie debt ſhould be twiſe paid, or twiſe required.

Sat.

Sat. Though Chriſt once died, to ſaue thee from ſinne: yet haue I thy euil life to laie againſt thee, for the which thou art and ſhalt be mine.

Con. Chriſt indeede died to ſaue me, & by his owne death hath he fullie bought me from the wrath of his father. And I confes Satan, to my Lord, that I haue not liued after his lawe, but manie waies tranſgreſſed his holie wil: but what then thou foule ſpirit, am I thine? no Satan, no. For the Lord hath mercie in ſtore for euerie Publican when he craueth it, be he neuer ſo il a liuer. He is at this point with vs, Aske and haue. I wil therefore aske mercie of God, who gaue his owne ſon, by

by his bloodie death to ſaue me: and I am ſure that I ſhal haue my ſute. For he hath ſpoken it, and can not lie. Thou lieſt therfore, for I am not thine. But thou ſaieſt that I am, and ſhal be thine. Auoid Satan, auoid like a coward. For he that is with me, hath broozed thy head, euen the mightie Lion of the tribe of Iudah, that hath promiſed to be with his church euen til the end of the world: he is with me, and if he be with me, who can be againſt me? doe not therefore crake of this Satan, that I am an euil liuer, and therefore thine. Giue ouer thy combat: for if thou do not, I wil cal vpon my capteine Michaël, by the power of his Angel-

Angelike band to daſh thee out of countenance, who did beate thee in heauen, and al thy helliſh armie.

The cal of Conſcience in conflict, for ſuccor againſt preſent danger.

THe diuel, ô Lord, like a rauenous lion doth ſeeke to teare the lambe of thy paſture: and vnles thou helpe, there is none other waie, but to the ſlaughterhouſe. It hath beene a continual practiſe of his, euen from the beginning, to rob thy children of the riches of their redemption, wrought & accompliſhed by the bloodſhed of thy beloued ſonne.

He ſometh like a bore of the deſert,

desert, and seeketh by violence to breake into the vineyard of my soule, which thy hands, ô thou heauenlie husbandman, haue planted. Vp therfore, and arise ô gratious God, and good shepheard of my soule. And as thou hast promised, so be thou with mee in time of this my skirmish, that I may giue Satan the foile, and sleepe safelie vnder the wings of thy mercie, with whom is store of mercie. To thee be al glorie both now and euer, Amen.

The dead mans *Schoole:*

Wherein Death teacheth *al estates and degrees, from* the Prince to the begger, *manie notable lessons, most necessarie* to be learned: *made by the said* E. H.

APproch ye sonnes of Adam, you that are as I was: and shal bee as I am. Drawe nere, and learne those things diligentlie, wherein I shal instruct you.

First I would haue you to learne

learne this leſſon, that as ſinne came in by Adam, ſo by ſinne death as a due reward folowed. And therefore, when you looke vpon mee, remember whence you are falne in Adam, from grace into ſinne, from ſin into death: and therevpon ſorowe for your ſinnes, and prepare your ſelues to death. For it is the waie of al fleſh.

There is a time to be borne in ſinne, and a time to die for the ſame: al fleſh is graſſe, yee muſt al wither and fade with the flower. This natural death, which foloweth the combat of the elements and ſinne, ſhal crepe vpon your mortal lims: for as the ſunne hath an eaſt to riſe in, ſo he hath a weſt to fal in:

in: euen ſo, you ſhal al danſe with me one daie, and this daie is vncerteine, no man knoweth when it ſhal come. For it ſhal come at vnwares vpon you, and therefore doe good, and eſchew euil, ſin not, leaſt a worſe thing than this natural death, doe happen vnto you. For if you doe ſtil walowe in ſin, anſwere me, what if death ſuddenlie ſtrike you with his dart, as he doth manie men: how would you bee able to ſtand in the iudgment of God?

Therefore leaue off in time, and liue like Chriſtians, that God yet at the leaſt, ſeeing your liues are ſo wicked, may find a good wil and purpoſe in you towards a godlie conuerſation.

ſation. Do we not ſtil hold the ſame pace, like old carthorſes? but repent and amend, for the kingdome of God is at hand.

Secondlie, when you ſee me, remember the ſpiritual death of Adam, wherein you are al wrapped, by nature borne in ſinne, and children of wrath. Dead you are in Adam, ſtarke dead in your ſinnes, vntil the Lord do regenerate you anew with his holie ſpirit, and water your barren nature with the drops of his grace.

And herein ſee that you doe acknowledge your weakenes, or rather your miſerie: that by ſinne you are dead, euen without life by nature, and without anie power to attaine vnto life,

life, as I am and ſhal be, vntil the Lord doe knocke at my bed, and raiſe me from death to life, to liue with him for euer.

Auoid ſinne therefore, as your deadlie enimie, which would rob you of life, and fetter you in bands of eternal death: and crie vnto the Lord for helpe. For without him, againſt this enimie, you can do nothing. Crie with the prophet Dauid, Create, ô Lord, a new hart, and renew a right ſpirit within vs: that being quickened againe by the dew of his bleſſing, and ſtrengthened with the armour of grace, you may be able to withſtand the furie of Satan, and con-

ſtantlie to endure the battel of a raging conſcience.

Thirdlie, when you looke vpon me, remember whereof you are, euen of earth: no better than duſt and aſhes, to the which I now returne. And therefore, to the loftie minded man I ſaie: Duſt and aſhes, why art thou proud? for earth thou art, and to earth thou ſhalt, and beecome a praie of gnawing wormes.

Decke thy bodie neuer ſo glorioufſlie, tie iewels about thy neck, lade thy fingers with rings, ſit at thine ouerrunning tables, and make merrie, deſpiſe al men: yet I tel thee, thou art duſt, as I am, ſo ſhalt thou bee.

Thy

Thy bodie ſhal ſtinke, which now thou embaulmeſt: thy loftie looke ſhal be humbled, the wormes ſhal feede vpon thee. Looke vpon me, & thinke vpon thy ſelfe, be not as thou art: but thinke vpon me, and what thou ſhalt be, and folowe him that is able of duſt to raiſe thee to life, & crieth vnto thee: Be humble and meke, as I am.

If thou refuſe this exhortation, remember that pride ſhal haue a fal: that earth is heauie by nature, and falleth: that he that exalteth himſelfe ſhal be humbled, and he that humbleth himſelfe ſhal be exalted.

Acknowledge therefore, that earth is thy mother, which is the baſeſt of al other elements,

and folowe Chriſt thy maſter, and onlie guide to his father in ioie: that out of earth he may raiſe thee to heauen: and after thy reſurrection, for thine earthie and ſtinking bodie, giue thee a glorious and immortal bodie, that thou maieſt ſhine with him like a ſtarre in the kingdome of glorie.

Fourthlie, let al couetous perſons looke vpon me, and amend their euil liues. For, as I came naked into this world, ſo did they: and as I carrie nothing with mee, but my winding ſheete, euen ſo ſhal they. Their riches, the pelfe of this world, ſhal they leaue behind them, which they haue gathered in paine, and hourded vp with

with greedie minds.

Oh you hungrie lions! you are alwaies gaping for the praie, you are euer hungrie, and neuer ſatiſfied: get you neuer ſo much by hooke or by crooke, by violent iniurie, or biting vſurie. But looke you vpon me. For an elne of earth now ſhal ſerue me, & ſo muſt it ſerue you, whome nothing may ſuffice in this world.

Sorrowe therefore, and amend in time. For you were not borne to gather worldlie ſubſtance: but to ſerue poore Ieſus, who of God made himſelfe poore, to enrich you. You were not borne to continue in this world.

No, you haue no continuing

citie here, but you muſt looke for another, euen heauen, whence you are now exiled: and therefore you muſt ſeeke the things that be aboue. Your conuerſation muſt be in heauen.

You muſt not tie your harts to the earth, and hourd vp the pelfe of this world, leaſt the verie moths & ruſt of your treaſure crie for a plague vpon and againſt you, in the daie of vengeance. For die you muſt one daie, and be as I am, and ſo reſt in the bellie of mother earth, vntil the day of accounts, when God ſhal reward euerie man according to his deſerts.

Fiftlie, let al enuious perſons, and euil willers behold my

my hart: let al bloodſhedders looke vpon my feete: al back-biters, ſlanderers, and curſers, marke my tongue: al robbers and vſurers view my hands: al couetous perſons note my winding ſheete: al ſelfelouers and proud men gaze vpon my face and holowe eies: let al men looke vpon me, & amend their liues: for as I am, euen ſo ſhal they be.

Sixtlie, let al Chriſtians looke vpon me, courtiers and countrimen, high and lowe, rich and poore, yoong and old, noble and vnnoble: al, let them looke vpon me, and remember their end. Die they ſhal al: this let al remember, that they may neuer ſinne.

4. Let

Let al ſwearing bellie gods, al ſelfelouers, men or women, that monſtrouſly diſguiſe chaſt nature, and paint their bodies, which are ſtinking tombes of their ſeelie ſoules, with intollerable vanities: let al that care for beauties hew, looke vpon me, and iudge of their owne vanitie, and condemne themſelues, leaſt they be iudged of the Lord.

For their broidered heare, their faced and defaced apparel, their ſuperfluous laſings, their ſumptuous veluets and ſilks, their golden caules, their wrought clothes, their ringed fingers, and their coſtlie fare in this world, which Lazarus wanteth, they are al vanitie, neither

neither ſhal they redeeme them: but to earth they ſhal, and vaniſh with the vapour.

They ſhal al ſleepe with me, and they ſhal be one daie no better than I am: wormes meate, ſtinking carcaſes, duſt and aſhes they ſhal be, whatſoeuer they doe appeere to the fooliſh world.

Kings and princes, magiſtrates and ſubiects, ſchollers and maiſters, rich and poore, al may looke vpon me. For I am able to teach them a leſſon, which they forget dailie: That earth they are, and to earth they muſt with me one daie, and no man knoweth how ſoone. Diſdaine not to learne this at me: for I teach you the truth,

truth, which one daie you your ſelues ſhal approoue to bee true.

Seuenthlie, let al mourning mothers, & ſorrowing friends, let them giue ouer weeping and vnchriſtian wailing. For that can not helpe them, becauſe it grudgeth & complaineth againſt the wil of God: but rather let them be merrie and reioice.

For behold, this life is a warfare, euen a continual warfare, as Iob calleth it: and death is a ſleepe, a ſweete ſleepe: ſo that by it I reſt from my labours, I am deliuered from danger to ſafetie, from labour to ioie, from trauel to reſt, from paine to pleaſure, & lie in the earth,

as

as it were in a bed, til I muſt riſe to iudgement.

This is the luckie eſtate of them that are dead in the Lord. And therfore did father Simeon deſire to depart in peace: and Paule counted himſelfe a wretch, becauſe he was not deliuered from this bodie of ſinne.

So that you haue no cauſe to mourne for your friends, who by death are paſſed beyond death: euen to life, to liue with God, and to ſee him face to face, euen as he is. But rather you haue cauſe to reioice, becauſe by death they are taken into ioie, to be where Chriſt Ieſus is.

The dead man is but aſleepe, he

he is not dead but for a time, and at length he ſhal awake, euen by the ſound of a trumpet, and crie of an Archangel, to ſee his redeemer in heauen, where he with thee, and thou with him, and the heauenlie armie of Angels and Saints, maieſt liue for euer.

Looke vpon me, and remember this, al you that mourne for the death of your friends. For bleſſed am I, and thriſe bleſſed. This world is an exile, heauen my natural countrie: and ſo by death I am deliuered from exile, and herein I am happie.

This preſent world is euil, in heauen are ioies that paſſe ſenſe and conceit. And ſo by death

death in the Lord I am freed from euil, and placed in ioie: and herein I am happie.

This world is no continuing citie, but another, that is heauen, which when I liued, in faith I looked for: ſo that by death I am ſet in a permanent place, and herein I am happie.

This life is a pilgrimage, heauen my home: and ſo by death, of a pilgrim, I am made a citizen, & herein I am hapie.

To conclude, by death, from earth to heauen, from men to Angels, from warre to peace, from paine to pleaſure, from griefe to euerlaſting gladnes, from vanitie & miſerie to perpetual felicitie I haue paſſed in peace: & herin I am happie.

So

So that death is not to be feared, nor yet to be lamented: but rather welcomen in ioie of ſpirit, whenſoeuer it commeth.

And for this are al Chriſtians bound, to render hartie thanks vnto the Lord, that hath turned the curſe into a bleſſing, and by his pretious death vpon the croſſe made death no death, but an entrie to life, a paſſage to ioy, a deliuerie from miſerie. For this bleſſing, bleſſed be the name of the Lord, and let al people ſaie, Amen.

Imprint theſe few leſſons in your memories, and ingraue them in the tables of your harts. And thus farewel.

A lodge for La-
Zarus:

Wherein the poore and *friendles are exceedinglie* comforted in ſpirit, againſt al kind *of calamities incident to this tem-*poral and miſerable life:

made by the ſaid
E. H.

THere are two ſorts of pilgrims in the world: ſome are rich, and ſome are poore. Though the earth be the Lords, and the riches thereof his owne poſſeſſions: though al men be his ſubiects, & haue de-

deſerued the like condition of life : yet to blaſe his mercie, and to open his iudgements and iuſtice vnto the world, it hath pleaſed him to bleſſe ſom with ſtore of his goodnes, and to puniſh others with the want of his temporal bleſſings.

Thus with pouertie he beateth the poore, to declare his iudgement againſt ſinne : and the rich man he ſtoreth with abundance, to the manifeſtation of his vndeſerued mercie. By theſe his benefits vpon the rich, and theſe his ſcourges laid vpon the poore, he crieth out to them : Sinne no more, alluring the one partie by faire & gentle, the other by ſharpe and bitter meanes vnto ſafe repen-

repentance.

The rich men he maketh his deputies on earth, or rather the ſtewards of his familie, or rather the paterns of his mercie, to take pitie vpon the begger, when he craueth reliefe: euen as he hath taken cõpaſſion vpon them, who neuer deſerued it. And that they may vſe themſelues as ſhewers of his mercie, he hath promiſed that they ſhal alwaies haue ỹ poore with them: this we ſee at this daie.

What a band of beggers be in euerie place? the poore doe ſwarme in euerie corner, the fatherles and widowes, yoong and old, of al ages infinit doe grone and crie for verie need. Som want cloth to couer their naked

naked bodies, ſome haue not meate to mitigate their hunger, ſome no drinke to eaſe their thirſt, ſome lie vnder hedges in ſteede of lodgings, ſome are lame and can not go, ſome are blind and cannot ſee, ſome are deafe and can not heare, ſome are dumbe and can not ſpeake, ſome are ſicke, ſome are ſore, of al people to the iudgement of the world moſt miſerable: and therefore doe they ſeeme to make this complaint to God our heauenlie father.

O Lord, thou haſt created vs, thou haſt framed vs: we are thy handiworke, and thou the potter, that madeſt our grandfather Adam of the mould of the

the earth. Was thy goodnes ſuch to make vs, when we were not, gentle Lord, and wilt thou beate vs now thou haſt made vs? ô Lord, where is thy mercie? is the eie of thy pitie dimmed? are the eares of thy wonted goodnes ſealed? what lord? is the hand of thy fauour ſhortened? is the riuer of thy goodnes dried vp?

Shal we hunger? naie, ſhal we hungerſtarue for want of thy bleſſings? what now, good Lord? thy ſonne taught vs to praie, Our father. Are we thy children, and thou our father? oh! where is thy fatherlie prouidence? for behold, ô pitious Lord, we are borne to nothing: beſides skin, fleſh, and bones,

bones, we haue nothing in this world.

We poſt from place to place, & run from towne to towne, we go from houſe to houſe, we crie for reliefe in thy name, we aske it for thy ſake: but alas, good Lord, we can get nothing. If we be ſtrong, though we haue charge of children, we are whipped, we are ſtocked, we are impriſoned, and how not abuſed? if we bee lame, dumbe, deafe, ſicke or ſore, we may crie: but alas, charitie is frozen, where one heareth, hundreds doe ſtop their eares, & are deafe at our ſutes.

O Lord, charitie is drowned, the beſt friend which we ſhuld haue: hard harts doe reigne, the

the ſtouteſt enimie that wee can haue: with this enimie we are aſſaulted almoſt in euerie place: alas for pitie! pitie, ſweete Lord, is our requeſt, haue mercie vpon vs. Looke vpon Lazarus our king and capten: behold Lord, he commeth to the rich mans gate, there he lieth, there he crieth: crums, crums hee craueth to eaſe his hunger, but he can not get them: dogs haue them, but Lazarus can not haue them.

The dogs come to Lazarus, and licke his ſores: but Diues hath no feete to carrie him, no tongue to laie the plaiſter of comfort to his earneſt ſute, no hand to helpe him, not a crum to feede him. Behold Lord, dogs

dogs are better vnto vs than Diues: naie, they are in better caſe than we are: for they haue the crums, that fal from their maiſters table: but alas! Lazarus can not come by them.

O Lord, now where is thy wonted mercie? ſhal Lazarus want? ſhal he want the crums of bread to eaſe his hunger? what? ſhal he crie for them, and ſhal hee not haue them? ſhal he ſhowt, but ſhal he not be heard? what, good Lord? ſhal he die for hunger, and Diues walowe in pleaſure?

What Lord? haſt thou loſt thy name God, which ſoundeth as much as good? thou art called *Deus, quaſi Dans*, and yet ſhal Lazarus want bread to re-

refreſh him ? This complaint of the poore man doth gnawe him : naie, ſometimes it quite deuoureth him.

But, to laie a ſalue of comfort to this ſore of Lazarus : ô Lazarus, why doeſt thou weepe ? why doeſt thou crie out ? why doeſt thou ſeeme to blame the Lord ? he hath appointed Dives as a father to regard thee ?

But what doeſt thou come to his gate ? doeſt thou craue charitie ? art thou denied it ? the Lord commanded it, and therefore is the Lord iuſtified, when he is iudged. But Dives hath abuſed his benefits, and therefore ſhal he anſwer for it.

Let this be thy comfort : let this be thy lodge to reſt in, from

from al complaints, that one daie, God, who is charitie, ſhal iudge the world, the greateſt ſcourge that Diues ſhal haue. Then ſhal he ſaie, as accounting that not done to him, which was not done to you: When I was hungrie, thou gaueſt me no meate, no not the crums that fel from thy table: when I was thirſtie, thou gaueſt me no drinke: when I was naked, thou dideſt not clothe me: when I was in priſon, thou didſt not comfort me: when I was harbourles, thou didſt not lodge me: giue an accounts of thy ſtewardſhip. Then ſhal he crie out: that he neuer ſawe him hungrie or thirſtie, or elſe he would haue refreſhed him:

not

not impriſoned, or elſe hee would haue viſited him: not lodgles, or elſe he would haue harboured him.

But this is al lies, and therefore wil he ſaie vnto him: *Neſcio*, I knowe thee not: Depart as curſed into euerlaſting fire, where ſhal bee weeping and gnaſhing of teeth.

Come hither crieng Lazarus, thou that crieſt and ſhowteſt out vpon the Lord, and vpon the tyrannie of worldlings: art thou ſicke? art thou ſore? art thou deafe? art thou dumbe? art thou naked? what? haſt thou no place to laie thy head in? come hither, for here are palaces of pleaſure to paſtime in, excellent turrets of

ioie to banket in, & lodges of infinit comfort to harbour in.

For what? haue you not had meate, when you haue craued it? or drinke, when you haue asked it? haue you beene in priſon, & not viſited? ſick and not comforted? ſore & not eaſed? naked and not clothed? wanderers & not ſuccoured?

Behold, in your behalfe Chriſt wil iudge the rich and mercileſſe gluttons of this world: and in the daie of reuelation, you to your ioious conqueſt, and to their vtter ſhame ſhal teſtifie and beare witnes againſt them. This is the firſt lodge of comfort.

But yet there is another beſides this: enter into that. Behold,

hold, when you asked reliefe, it was Christ that asked and was denied, so that in this world you beare an image of Christ, who came into his owne, and yet was not receiued, no not knowne: who had not his nest, as the birds of the aire haue: nor his den to flie vnto, as the foxes haue: no not so much as a place to laie his head on.

He sought once to harbour in Peters ship vpon a pillowe: but marke, the waues, & the winds disquieted the ship, it frighteth Peter, poore Iesus is pinched at, and awakened, so that he could not haue a good nap to comfort his wearines in his harbouring place. Was this the estate of the maister?

2. then

then reſt in peace, and harbor in ioie. For the ſcholler is not aboue his maiſter.

Naie, doth the tyrannie of Dīues pinch him, when it pincheth you? doth he hunger, when you hunger? doth hee thirſt, when you thirſt? is he naked, when you are naked? is he ſicke, when you are ſicke? is he ſore, when you are ſore? is he harbourles, when you be lodgles? what? doth he ſmart, when you ſmart? doth he crie for alms, when you craue? is it he that made you, he that ſaued you, he that ſpent his life and ſhed his owne pretious blood to redeme you from Satan, & yet wil you complaine? let it not be ſo, but in patience leane

leane vnto the louing Lord, and let him be a palace of ioie to lodge and reſt in.

There is a third lodge of comfort for al Lazars. For the vncharitable dealing of Diues ſhal be his vtter ruine. If Diues haue ſhut his eare againſt thy crie, and denied to relieue thee in time of needie extremitie: if he haue not opened his hart to pitie thee, nor ſtretched out his arme to raiſe thee, when thou art fallen into miſerie: then wo, wo: a rod is at hand to beat him: O foole, this night the diuel ſhal fetch thy ſoule from thee. Here is a glorious lodge of comfort for al Lazars.

If Diues haue his barnes filled with corne, his cheſts with

3. trea-

treasure, his table furnished with plentie of meate, if hee haue al things at wil: yet shal nothing redeeme him from miserie, if he wil not attend the pitious crie of Lazarus in time of extreme necessitie. For he that wil not heare the poore when he doth crie: when he crieth himselfe, the Lord wil him denie.

Hath Diues now denied you almes? then wil the Lord denie him mercie: wil the Lord denie him mercie, because he hath not pitied your miserie? hath the Lord such care ouer your estate, that hee wil reuenge it sharplie, if you be not cherished: and wil you yet complaine? Fie, no, for shame:

but

but let this be a lodge for you to reſt in.

God is your gard, howſoeuer it go with you: you are his little ones, his dearlings, and deerlie beloued. If Diues doe abuſe you, if he do not cheriſh you: behold how he loueth you, for Diues for your ſake ſhal ſuffer paines for euer.

You want foode in earth: but he ſhal want the bread of life in hel. You want drinke, but he ſhal want euen a drop of water in hel to coole his flaming tongue. You want in this world cloth to couer your nakednes: but he ſhal want the white raiment of innocencie: and therefore walowe in miſerie for euer. You want

lodging here, but he ſhal want the lodge of ioie elſewhere. You cannot be his gheſt, but a worme for your ſakes ſhal be his gheſt euerlaſtinglie.

He had ſtore of al things: what wanted he? neither ſiluer nor gold to haue enriched you, nor meate to haue fed you, nor drinke to haue eaſed you: he had cloth to haue couered you, crums of his table that would haue relieued you: hee had lodges wherein hee might haue granted you harbours.

But ſee the iudgement of God for your ſakes. This Dives is not worth a drop of water in hel: for al his pleaſure, he reapeth laſting paine: for his

melo-

melodious harmonie, he heareth howling & weeping and gnaſhing of teeth. This is the wo that they ſhal ſwim in, that with Diues neglect the crie of ſeelie Lazarus.

But yet view a fourth lodge of comfort, a princelie lodge, you band of beggers: approch and looke vp: what? was Lazarus clothed in ſores? did no man viſit, or comfort him? had he no phyſician, ether by word or by worke to cure him? had he no ſurgerie, but onelie by dogs?

Naie, what? was he not onlie ſore in bodie, but pinched in ſtomach? did he want food? naie, did he ſo hunger, that he deſired crummes of bread to

pleaſe the crie of his greedie ſtomach, and yet could he not get it?

What? are anie of you in the ſame caſe? behold a lodge of comfort: looke vp, and there you ſhal ſee Abrahams boſome, and Lazarus therin lodged. See, he that walowed in ſores, and might haue waſhed in teares, ſuch was his miſerie to the eie of the world.

Behold, hee that was not worth a crum of bread in this world, he that had no lodge place to reſt in: now lodgeth in Abrahams boſome, an harborough of reſt.

What now you beggers, you that wander from place to place, and haue no reſting

place

place to ſtaie in: naie, you that wander, and for want of charitie do alwaies hunger: be patient, bleſſe God in your aduerſitie, and reſt in this lodge of Lazarus.

Diues was aboue Lazarus in this world: Diues waded in plentie, but Lazarus in pouertie: Diues ſate at his table, Lazarus at the gates: Diues healthie, Lazarus ſicke: Diues with a ful belie, but Lazarus liued with an hungrie ſtomach: and yet looke vp, and now you ſhal ſee Diues belowe, and Lazarus aboue him.

Diues in this world had rich men for his comates, gentils and potentates for his gheſts: but now he kepeth companie with

with the diuel and his angels. Lazarus in this world had no companie to comfort him: naie, he had none that alwaies tarried with him, but ſicknes and pouertie: they were from time to time his two gheſts, & at Diues his gates the dogs too did viſit and licke him.

But now behold, Diues biteth the bread of miſerie in hel: but Lazarus lodgeth in Abrahams boſom, and now in heauen banketeth at the table of euerduring ioie, with the Patriarches, Prophets, Apoſtles, Martyrs, and holie ones of God.

Oh! wil the impatient Lazarus ſaie: this is a heauie caſe, to be alwaies beaten with pinching

ching pouertie, alwaies to bite of ſorrowe, and neuer to liue at eaſe.

Surelie if this be thy caſe, as thou moneſt: yet I ſaie, looke vp to the lodge of reſt, euen Abrahams boſom: for though thou doe ſwim in ſeas of extremitie, yet thou doeſt banket with Lazarus, who in this world did ſuffer pinching extremitie, and yet now he doth reſt in peace.

But thou art beaten, thou ſaieſt: thou art buffeted: ſo was Lazarus. Oh! but thou art beaten ſore: ſo was he. But yet thou ſingeſt on the ſame ſong: Thou art beaten.

Art thou beaten? then lodge in comfort. For better it is to be

be beaten with Lazarus, than damned with Diues: it is better to bee crosſed, than not crowned: it is better to bee beaten, that not to be chaſtiſed. For GOD receiueth no child, but whom he ſcourgeth.

But yet thou crieſt: Oh my life is miſerable! it is miſerable: then lodge in comfort. For miſerie is the high waie to felicitie.

Thou muſt be buffetted, if thou wilt be ſaued: for he that wil liue godlie in Chriſt Ieſu, muſt ſuffer perſecutions. I am the waie, ſaith he. But what was his waie to heauen? a croſſe was his waie to the crowne, and thus would he leade thee to immortal glorie.

What

What saiest thou now, Lazarus? hast thou anie thing to complaine of? I hope these lodges of comfort doe please thee. But if they doe not, yet harken a little.

Is thy life a castle of miserie, because thou art wrapt in pouertie? art thou a wretch of this world, because thou art clothed in sores? doest thou sing of nothing, but calamitie, because health faileth thee, or store of temporal blessings? why then reason with me.

What if thou hadst the riches of Diues, his health, his welth, his garners, his treasure, his lands, his cattle? yet vanitie of vanities, crieth the Preacher, and al is vanitie.

Vanitie?

Vanitie ? what ? vanitie of vanities ? naie, what ? is al vanitie ? riches, health, treaſure, pleaſure, wealth : is al wo ? nay, is al vanitie? vanitie, what? worth a nit ? naie, worth nothing : and yet art thou troubled ?

The rich men of this world doe fal into manie temptations: inſomuch that where they ſhould be gods on earth, to helpe and to aide the needie, when neede requireth : they prœue themſelues cages of vncleane diuels.

Some Lords of lands do begger their pœore tenants, they racke and impouerish them to better their owne eſtate: ſome hourd vp corne for deere times,

times, to the vtter beggering of the poore: ſome haue catching hands, who though they haue enough, yet are alwaies catching and ſnatching at the widowes mite.

Vſurers or rather robbers: who haue enough but the rich? who want it but the poore? why want they it, but becauſe charitie is dead, and the rich are ſnared in deadly temptations? But yet they wil be rich, they ſcrape and trauel for goods.

But what crie the proud and the rich men in the fift of wiſedome? Oh! ſaie they, what hath pride profited vs? or what hath the pompe of riches brought vs?

Come hither Lazarus, art thou

thou poore? deſire not to be rich: for this is the vſual ſong of ſuch as are rich in this world. Oh! what hath the pompe of riches brought vs? doe not riches better a man? naie, doth not the pompe of riches bring anie commoditie with it?

What? can it not deliuer vs from danſing with death? from the gnawing worme? from the bed of earth? no: though we were as beautiful as Abſolon, as long liued as Mathuſelah, as eloquent as Cicero, as ſubtile as Ariſtotle: to end, as rich as Creſus, yet we muſt needs become wormes meate, & turne to duſt and aſhes.

How now Lazarus? what if thou hadſt courtlie palaces to lodge

lodge in? exceſſiue plentie of al things? euen the pompe of riches? what ſhould they auaile thee? nothing: yea nothing, and yet is pouertie a burden vnto thee?

It is the wil of God, Lazar, that thou ſhouldeſt be a Lazarus: and it is thy dailie praier, that his wil be done: and it is his wil to ſaue al men. But what? is it his wil, that thou ſhouldeſt be poore? and art thou not merie?

Is it his wil to ſaue thee? naie, is it he that can onlie ſaue thee? naie, is he wont to ſaue vs by croſſing vs, that wee ſhould enter into heauen by manie tribulations: and wilt thou not yet lodge in comfort?

Naie

Naie what? doeſt thou praie that the wil of God be done? if thou praie for it, as it ſtandeth thee vpon, ſo thou doeſt wiſh it. Now his wil is to beat thee with pouertie: thou praieſt for it, thou wiſheſt it. What now? doeſt thou wiſh it? and yet art thou ſad and penſiue?

Men are wont to ioie, yea and to reioie, when they haue their wiſh? but thou haſt it: and wilt thou be ſorie? The Lord ſaith, nay the Lord ſweareth it, that Hee wil not the death of a ſinner: and death is the due wages of thy ſinnes, the which of iuſtice he might paie thee, but hee wil not of mercie.

Wil he not thy death, which is

is due vnto thee? and yet doeſt thou complaine of pouertie, which is his wil to laie vpon thee? let this be thy lodge of comfort, that his mercie is our ſafetie: and that his wil is nothing elſe but mercie: yea, though he doe beate and buffet vs neuer ſo much.

And to perſuade vs in this point, who are ſo incredulous of nature from time to time, it hath pleaſed him to ſcourge his children, or rather to ſcoure the veſſels of their harts, the lodge place of his holie ſpirit, from the dregs of iniquitie.

Cain was an heire, he poſſeſſed al, he was the child of this world: but Abel, the child of God, he had his name of vanitie,

vanitie, his end was to be murdered, hee had his deathes wound, euen by his owne brother.

Looke vpon the whole colledge of Saints, and we ſhal ſee ſome impriſoned with Ieremie, ſome beheaded with Baptiſt, ſome ſtoned with Steuen, ſom crucified with Chriſt Ieſus, lapt in lothſome ſores, wrapt in bands of vtter extremitie with poore Lazarus: notwithſtanding Diues ỹ worldling walowe in health and wealth.

How now Lazarus? looke vpon thy brethren, and be thou comforted: yea, if thou haſt bene rich, euen as rich as Iob, if thou haſt ſat on the pinnacle of

of pleaſure, and mounted vp with the higheſt trees: if thou haſt flouriſhed like the glorious lillie, and yet vpon a ſudden wither awaie: if thou haſt fallen from the top to the foote of a hil, that is, from proſperitie to aduerſitie, and beecome a bare Iob, yet behold the palace of comfort: I am ſure, that my redeemer liueth, and that with theſe eies I ſhal ſee him, ſaith Iob.

Who was this Iob? a rich man he was, he had plentie of al things. GOD had bleſſed him with children, and vpon a ſudden al is gone, oxen, camels, children, & al. His owne friends doe forſake him, hee wadeth in wo and ſicknes: and yet

yet theſe clubs can not batter him downe, but ſtil he climeth to the lodge of comfort, ſaieng: I am ſure that my redeemer liueth, and that with theſe eies I ſhal ſee him.

What though this earthie maſſe, our bodie, this duſtie tabernacle beſtormed and toſſed with the winter blaſts of this world: what though our belies feele the gnawing worme of a plaining ſtomach, and our backe want cloth to couer it: yet is here a lodge of comfort, which by faith wee muſt take poſſeſſion of, euerie one, ſaieng with father Iob: I am ſure that my redeemer liueth, and that with theſe eies I ſhal ſee him.

Though

Though God ſcourge me, yet as a father to correct me, & not as a iudge to condemne me: for I am ſure that my redemer liueth, & that with theſe eies I ſhal ſee him. Though I do here want bread, to quench the crie of hunger: and drinke, to coole the heate of my burning ſtomach: though I haue neither cloth to apparel mee, nor friend to comfort me, nor place to lodge in, yet behold, I am ſure that my redeemer liueth, and that with theſe eies I ſhal ſee him.

If thou be a ſpiritual Lazar, & wanteſt the crums of comfort: if ỹ diuel laie thine owne ſinnes before thee, to the end thou maieſt eate with him, the

bread of desperation: yet run to the lodge of comfort, and there sing thou in spite of thy sinnes, of Satan, and al his hellish hounds: I am sure that my redeemer liueth, and that with these eies I shal see him.

In this lodge of comfort, Saint Iohn doth finger out to thy hungrie soule the foode of life, saieng: Behold the Lambe of God that hath taken awaie the sinnes of the world. But what? was this Lambe crucified? did he not die? yes, and rose the third daie a conquerour ouer sinne, death, hel, the diuel, and al his angels.

But yet perchance thou wilt not beleeue it: if thou doe not, come hither Thomas, saieth Christ,

Christ, and thrust in thy finger. Doest thou not beleeue it? then come hither and trie, trie and then trust. This side of Christ is the sole lodge of rest for al spirituall Lazars, that hunger and thirst after their saluation.

Marie Magdalen, that was possessed with so manie diuels: Peter that had once, twise, yea the third time denied his maister Christ: yea, the theefe on the crosse by faith leapt into this side of safetie, and lodge of Christ Iesus.

This lodge is his wounds, which he had on the crosse to heale vs: which wounds alwaies are open, for al straieng Thomasses to harbour and to

lodge in. For at what time ſoeuer a ſinner wil repent him of his ſinnes, I wil blot al his ſins out of my remembrance, ſaith the Lord.

Here is a lodge for al Lazars, that grone in ſpirit. Al ſuch as are heauie & laden, and heare, and folowe that proclamation of Baptiſt, Repent: al that with father Dauid weepe, & learne to wet the couch of their harts with the teares of their groning ſoules.

This lodge of comfort is open to al, it is denied to none that repent, haue they beene neuer ſo greuous ſinners.

Beſides theſe two ſorts of Lazars, there are ſome that are rich in temporal bleſſings, and

yet

yet verie Lazars in grace: couetous men and vsurers, they doe not onelie want that they haue, but by euer seking more and more, they drowne their seelie soules in sinne, and for a lodge of comfort, they harbour in hellish Aegypt.

Thus was Diues the glutton a Lazar: he had plentie of al things, and yet he was not so rich in grace, as to bestowe a crum of bread vpon Lazarus: and therefore doth hee now thirst for a drop of water, and can not get it, to ease the furie of his tormented tongue.

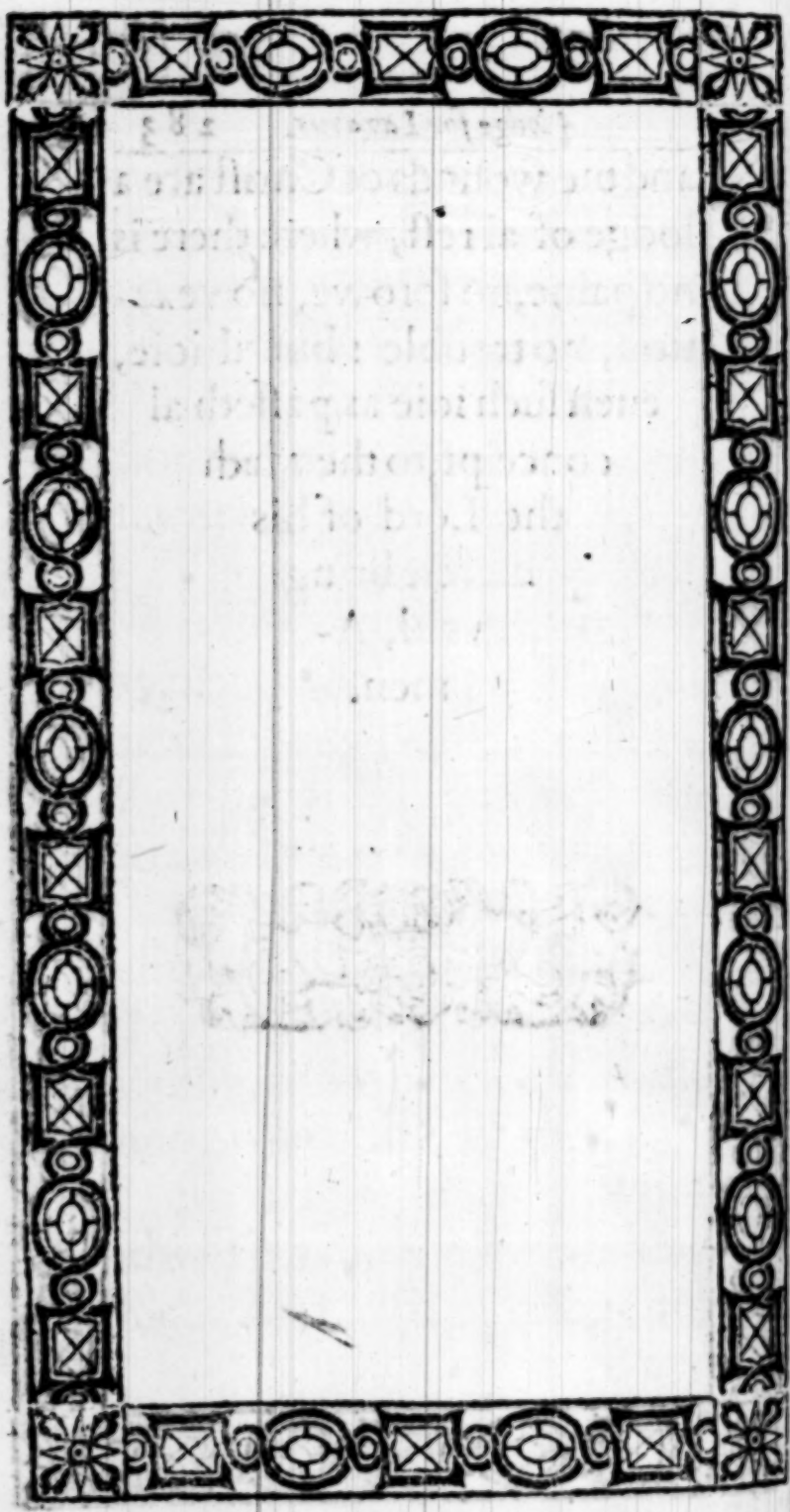
Diues is the ringleader of the danse to al careles rich men, that haue departed this life, as couetous wretches. But to

them that are yet aliue, although they haue bene a long time disciples of Diues, yet are the wounds of Iesus Christ open to lodge them, against the stormes of a frowning conscience.

Yea, it is open for al sinners, who are Lazars by nature, and want the verie crums of goodnes: they gape to receiue vs, and they are alwaies fresh and greene. Loe a fountaine of Christs pretious and outstreaming blood, wherein al that repent are washed from their leprosie, and deliuered from the sting of iniquitie for euer.

In the world there is nothing but miserie, it is nothing but a kingdome of calamitie: and

and the wounds of Christ are a lodge of al rest, where there is no paine, no sorowe, no vexation, no trouble : but al ioie, euen such ioie as passeth al conceipt, to the which the Lord of his mercie bring vs al, Amen.



A retrait from *ſinne:*

Wherein is ſounded, as *with a ſhril trumpet in the* eares of al men, what damnable *dangers depend vpon continuance in ſin,* negle& of repentance, abuſe of the ac*ceptable time of grace: and other excel*lent meanes dailie mooving *men to the amendement of* their ſinful life: *made by the* ſaid R.H.

COnſidering with my ſelfe the frailtie of man, and the dangerous traps of Satan, which he hath laid in euerie corner of this wicked

world, to catch vs: his craftie deuiſes, which hee worketh continualie to ſnare vs: and the drowſines of man, as careles to auoid them: I thought good to make this baſe retrait from ſinne, that being called from ſtraieng, we might come to the true ſheepefold, and ſo be ſaued.

And here I might begin with wondering at the churliſh nature of man, who being ſo often called by the voice of God, and his deputies from ſinne: doth yet notwithſtanding walowe therin, like ſwine in filth and mire.

Duſt and aſhes! ſhal the Lord himſelfe crie vpon thee? Sinne not: and wilt thou not heare

heare him? if not sinning be thy soules safetie: wilt thou be so vnmindful of thy selfe, as to suffer thy gratious Lord to haue the repulse?

Shal the king command his subiect, and be obeied: and the King of glorie command thee not to sinne, and not be obeied? shal the good and trustie subiect be so dutifull to the king, who is yet but dust and ashes: and wilt thou shew thy selfe so rebellious against God, who is the God of comfort, and father of mercie?

O thou drowsie creature! awake, be wise. Consider, if God being wisedome, doe cal thee from sinne, then is it follie to folowe sinne. If God being

ing the father of mercie, doe cal thee from ſinne the mother of endles miſerie, then ô wretched creature returne, repent, leaſt for mercie thou do reape the reward of ſinne, which is death eternal.

But why ſhould we by ſinning make our ſelues thral to ſo tyrannous a maiſter as Satan? & deſpiſe the cal of ſo louing a Sauiour as Ieſus Chriſt, crieng vnto vs, Sinne not?

The ſeruice of Satan is miſerable bondage: the ſeruice of Ieſus Chriſt is a bleſſed libertie, it is a freedome, that paſſeth al freedomes: and ſo much the rather to be embraced, as the other is miſerable and to be deteſted: yea, it is with both hands

hands to be receiued, forſo-much as our Lord Ieſus Chriſt in commanding requireth it.

For being bondſlaues of Satan, ſo vile a varlot, ſhal the Lord offer vs his ſeruice, which is perfect libertie, and ſhal we refuſe it, and not rather receiue it? Eue did ſo much as obeie the lieng ſerpent in paradiſe, & ſhal we denie obedience to Ieſus Chriſt? ſhe obeied to ſin, but her obedience wrought her miſerie? and ſhal not we obeie the Lord, that our end may be felicitie?

For how can we, deſeruing eternal miſerie, be accepted to bliſſe, if that by diſobedience we prouoke to wrath the onelie purchaſer of mercie? I

ſaie

ſaie therfore, where Chriſt crieth, Sinne not, obeie him, and kiſſe the ſunne leaſt he be angrie: kiſſe him, and obeie him: for if he be but a little angrie, bleſſed are al they that put their truſt in him.

But to make this retraite to ſound more ſhril in the eares of ſlumbering Adam: looke vpon the damned ſpirit of Dives, he burneth in hel: but why if not for ſinne? His tongue flameth, neither can hee get a drop of water to quench it: and why but for ſinne? The fire that he burneth in is vnquenchable: his doleful muſicke is gnaſhing of teeth, howling, weeping, and great lamentation: his caſe is curſed for euer,

and

and why but for ſinne?

If Diues had knowne, that the ſeruice of the Lord had bene perfect libertie, and that obedience to his commandements had bene the pathwaie to heauen, or that his ſinful life would haue wrought him ſuch a web of wo, or rewarded him with death for his wages in ſeruing Satan: no doubt hee would haue folowed as good counſel, as he wiſhed by the dead to be reuealed to his brethren: that is, he would haue ſought grace of the Lord, that he might haue obeied him in holines, and ſo be ſaued.

But marke ô ye liuing, and learne of the dead. Diues was a ſinner, he ſerued ſinne, and the

the old ſerpent, but his ſeruice wrought his wo, euen a wo eternal. Now what a tyrãnous maiſter is that, that ſo rewardeth his ſeruant? or what a miſerable ſeruant is that, which reapeth nothing by his ſeruice but wo?

But ô thriſe miſerable are we! if we wil ſerue the ſame maiſter, whoſe ſeruice in Dives we ſee to bee a ſlauiſh thraldome, and our wages nothing elſe but biting miſerie. So that, if the Lord our Sauiour Ieſus Chriſt, by his louing cal be not able to recal vs from ſinne: yet let the bitter end of Dives, and the flaming torments of his ſoule damned for ſinne, bee a ſufficient retrait vnto

vnto vs. Wo, wo, was due to him for ſinne, and therefore ſinne not.

This Diues was a rich man, God had bleſſed him with his creatures: & theſe arguments of his loue cried vpon him, Come home by repentance, & to holines in conuerſation: he notwithſtanding neglected, and ſtil continued a ſeruant of ſinne, for the which his ſeruice, he doth now lament in helliſh torments, and ſo ſhal doe for euer. He ſhal alwaies howle, weepe, and waile: in paine without eaſe, in ſorrowe without comfort, in griefe without reliefe, and that for euer.

But, ô miſerable Diues! why didſt thou not repent, and returne

turne from ſinne, at the retrait of ſo manie and ſo great benefits of the Lord? why didſt thou not plaie the good ſteward of thy riches, in beſtowing ſomething vpon needie Lazarus? why waſt thou more vngentle and vnnatural than the verie dogges, that licked his ſores? Where was charitie? ſurelie it was frozen, it was dead: no better euidence than thine owne confeſſion, which thou makeſt amidſt thine endleſſe torments, crieng out and ſaieng.

My life was ſinful, mine obedience was to Satan, my paradiſe was the wicked world, I neglected the retrait of ſo manie benefits from ſin, and therfore

fore I lie in paine, and ſo ſhal doe, til I haue paid the vtmoſt farthing, and that is euer.

Come hither now ye liuing, conſider in time and be wiſe. Diues was a ſinner, and ſo are you: Diues neglecting the retraite from ſinne, and putting off from daie to daie, was at length vpon a ſudden thruſt downe into hel: and ſurelie, if you do not in time repent, but folowe his pathes, then as his end was torments, ſo ſhal yours be. For God is no accepter of perſons.

Therefore, ô ye liuing, conſider & be wiſe: and if you haue begun the race of Diues, repent, returne, awake, leaſt Satan take you napping, and the

Lord

Lord in his iuſt iudgement ſuffer him to take your ſoules from you, and ſo rob you of al ioie for euer.

If Diues had knowne the tyrannie of Satan, or the wages of his ſeruice, or the dangerous extremities of carnal ſecuritie: no doubt he would haue awaked from ſinne, and beene as wiſe before hand to haue prouided for himſelfe, as hee was too late for his brethren.

And ſhal we, knowing the danger of deferring to repent, & the vilanie of ſinne, not prouide before hand againſt ſuch a dangerous tempeſt, as Diues abode, and walke wiſelie: but incur the danger of extremitie, by ſleeping in carnal ſecuritie,

and

and perilous ſeruice of ſinne?

O ye ſonnes of men, be wiſe and repent, returne from your wicked waies, giue the old ſerpent the ſlip, forſake your old maiſter ſinne, bid adue to al iniquitie, if you wil not ſwim in the tormentorie ſeas of hel with Diues.

Beſides this bitter retrait from ſin, there be other trumpeters of Gods iuſt iudgments, which ought continualie to mooue, and effectualie to perſuade vs to forſake the ſeruice of ſinne and Satan. The whole world did ſeruc Satan, becauſe it ouerflowed with ſinne, therfore behold, it ouerſtreamed with water, and al the world was drowned.

Here,

Here, if it pleaſe al ſinners to put on the ſpectacles of diſcretion, they may ſee, what it is to ſerue ſinne, and what to neglect the Lordes retrait from iniquitie. The whole world hauing forſaken the Lord God, went a whooring after Satan, and married it ſelfe to ſinne, renouncing innocencie of life, to folowe vice: but lo the end: when Satan by ſinne had gotten ſuch a maiſterie, and by reaſon of iniquitie was becom a prince of this world, behold the end of al his practiſes: the ruine and deſtruction of the world.

And ſurelie this was the iudgment of the Lord, to deſtroie them wholie, that had neglected

ted to heare his voice in the daie of viſitation: & this iudgment is bent againſt al thoſe, that continue in ſinne, and wil not repent.

Indeed the Lord hath made a couenant, and therof he hath giuen vs a certaine ſacrament and earneſt penie, that he for ſinne wil neuer drowne the world againe: but yet the couenant may breed in vs no ſecuritie, but rather it is a retrait from ſinne, foraſmuch as it is a couenant betweene the Lord and vs, betweene whome no couenant can continue for euer, vnles wee returne from ſinne.

For although he hath promiſed not to deſtroy the world

againe

againe for ſinne, and this promiſe ſhal be perfourmed, not becauſe we deſerue it, but becauſe he hath promiſed : yet, vnles we repent, *Omnes ſimiliter peribimus,* We ſhal al likewiſe periſh. He wil drowne vs in wo for euer.

This flood of torments, and helliſh lake, wherein the damned doe walowe, and wade in vnſpeakeable paine : this flood doth paſſe the other, and vnles we repent, and by hartie repentance leape into Noahs arke, and ſo into the boſome of mother Sion, there is no ſaluation for vs.

Let vs therefore repent, and lament our ſinnes, and cloſe our ſelues in the reedie arke of Moſes,

Moles, leaſt being at the brink of death, the waters of hel ouerſwallowe vs.

But to come from the whole world to the part: behold Sodom and Gomorrha, the two ſtewes of Satan, wherein hee dailie committed fornication with the ſonnes of men. Thoſe two, Sodom and Gomorrha, were as wanton damſels of this world, giuen to al lewdnes and luſt, they danſed after ſinne, howſoeuer Satan piped.

They had renounced al godlie chaſtitie, and to marrie the old ſerpent they had broken their obedience vnto the Lord. But behold, thoſe two wild cities were tamed, deſtroied: yea, burnt with fire and brim-

ſtone.

Now, ô ye children of men, come and ſee the terrible ſight of theſe two cities burning & conſuming with fire: repent and lament your owne liues, that you are not behind Sodom and Gomor in wickednes, but like miſerable wretches, haue pledged them in the cup of ſpiritual fornication with ſinne and Satan.

Let this fire and brimſtone, like terrible trumpeters of Gods iuſt iudgements, ſound ſo ſhril in your eares, as to awake you from ſleeping anie longer in ſinne, leaſt a worſe thing than this do happen vnto you: yea, whenſoeuer you ſee water, fire, and brimſtone, thinke

thinke vpon the iudgements of God againſt ſin, and ſinne not.

Conſider that Sodom and Gomor were deſtroied for ſin, and that God, when it pleaſeth him, may execute his iudgement vpon thee, whoſoeuer thou be, vnles thou repent: and therefore returne from ſinne, and ſinne not.

Conſider, that where al creatures were made for mans vſe: yet ỹ Lord in his wrath againſt ſinne, doth vſe them as ſwords of vengeance, to cut him off. And therefore, if we will not onelie haue the Lord, but alſo his creatures to profit vs, ſo that we may vſe them to the end they were created, then

2. where

where not onlie the Lord him ſelfe, but alſo al his creatures doe crie vpon vs, Repent and ſinne not: it ſtandeth vs vpon to amend our faultes, to reforme our liues, and to frame our ſelues to al good workes, which God hath prepared for vs, that wee ſhould walke therein.

But, ô the lamentable caſe of Ieſus Chriſt! ô the vnſpeakeable churliſhnes of man! for if the churliſhnes of one wicked citie Ieruſalem, did wring teares out of the glorious eies of our Sauior Ieſus Chriſt, and made him to ſigh and ſob, becauſe ſhe had dealt ſo vncurteouſlie with him, ſo prepoſterouſlie with hirſelfe, as to ſtone his

his prophets, to refuſe his clocking, and to ſerue Satan, and ſo to worke her owne deſtruction: then what yeere, what daie, what houre: naie, what moment doe we not al make our Sauior Ieſus Chriſt, beholding our iniquities, to weepe and to ſob, ſith that our ſinnes almoſt do paſſe in number the ſands of the ſea, and haires of our heads?

Yea, ô the churliſhnes of man! yet by ſinne ſo to grieue our Sauiour Ieſus Chriſt, from the which to redeeme vs it coſt him bloodie teares, euen the effuſion of his moſt pretious blood. But is it not a miſerable follie in man, by ſuch churliſh dealing to offend our Lord Ieſus

ſus Chriſt, who ſhal come to iudge the quick and the dead.

Ye ſwearers, ye curſers and railers, ye vſurers, theeues, and murderers, ye epicures, Papiſts, and carnal goſpellers, al ye ſinners that lie in ſinne, that knowe ſinne, and yet forſake it not, with what face wil you preſent your ſelues before this heauenlie iudge, out of whom you haue wroong ſo manie ſobs, as you haue committed ſinnes in your life?

If you haue vſed him ſo vnthankfulie, and wrought him ſuch griefe: how can you looke but for griefe for your reward? But, ô the mercie of the Lord! that yet crieth, Come vnto me, al ye that labour, and are heauie

uie laden, and I wil refreſh you. Behold, notwithſtanding your infinit offences, notwithſtanding your infinite ſinnes: yet, if you wil acknowledge them, and be hartilie ſorie for them, that in cómitting them, you haue greeued the ſpirit of Ieſus Chriſt, he is readie to receiue you: yea, and as one thirſting to receiue you into fauor againe, he calleth vnto you, Come: promiſing, that notwithſtanding you bee laden and clogged with ſinne, that yet he wil eaſe you, if you wil come vnto him. This is a comfortable retrait, grounded vpon the promiſe of Ieſus Chriſt, that, if we wil come vnto him, he wil refreſh vs.

4. Now,

Now, what is Ieſus Chriſt? and what are we? we are ſinners, and therefore our due is death: but Ieſus Chriſt is a Sauiour: yea, ſaluation and life it ſelfe: and therefore to go to him, and to leaue ſinne, is to paſſe from death to life, from ſorow of conſcience to peace: yea, ſuch a peace, as paſſeth al vnderſtanding.

Yea, Ieſus Chriſt is truth, and therefore if wee wil ſinne no more, but in a contrite ſpirit repaire vnto him, then wil he receiue vs: he wil refreſh vs with the daintie comfort of his holie ſpirit, and at length receiue vs into ioie, therein to liue with him for euer.

Therefore, if we haue ſtopped

ped our eares at ſo manie retraits ſounded againſt ſin: yet let this one comfortable ſpech vttered by our Sauiour Chriſt, ſerue in ſteede of manie, Come: but if this retrait of Ieſus Chriſt be not able to cal thee effectualie to repentance, then turne thine eies to his croſſe, and ſeeing the villanie of ſinne thy maſter, and Satan the ſubtil ſerpent, repent and amend.

Behold the lambe of God, he that came in the ſimilitude of ſinful fleſh, to ſaue thee by his death. Behold how the diuel hath handled him, behold how his helhounds haue intreated him, and al for ſinne. Behold his holie bodie racked,

behold his holie fete & hands rent with nails, his head crowned with thornes, his pretious ſide launced with a ſpeare. Behold his pretious blood dropping, yea outſtreaming: behold how the onelie beloued ſonne of God, our louing and bleſſed Sauiour, lo how tyrannouſlie the miniſters of Satan haue vſed him.

But why are his holie armes outſtretched? why doth his holie head bow it ſelfe down? why are his feete and hands ſo torne with nailes? why doth his pretious blood ſpinne out? why is this holie lambe of God ſo pitiouſlie ſlaughtered vpon the tree?

Surelie, ô man, thou thy ſelfe haſt

haſt miniſtred the cauſe, and thy ſinnes haue wrought this crueltie vpon this innocent Lambe Ieſus Chriſt: ſo that, if thou either loue Ieſus Chriſt, whome thy ſinnes haue torne ſo cruelie, or tender thine own caſe, for whom he died ſo mercifulie, beyond thy merit: ſin no more, but repent, repent, repent, and defie the diuel, and al his tyrannie.

Yea, and ſith his head, his armes, his hands, his feete, his ſide, and pretious blood doe ſo cleerelie ſhew the tyrannie of ſinne: deteſt, abhor, and auoid it. And where his thornie crowne, that tore his head: and the nailes, that rent his hands and feete: and the ſpeare, that pearced

pearced his glorious ſide: doe al crie out vpon vs, that wee haue ſo rent and torne by our ſinnes Ieſus Chriſt our bleſſed Sauiour, let vs for ſhame be aſhamed of our villanie.

Let vs lament, and repent our iniquities, leaſt that the verie thornie crowne of his head, the verie nailes that faſtened him to the tree, and the ſpeare that pearced his ſide, doe teſtifie a iuſt condemnation againſt vs, that we did ſo vnthankfuly vſe them to deſtroie the ſonne of God, and yet doe commit ſinne, to our power ſeeking to ſlaie him againe.

O yee butchers! conſider this innocent Lambe, how he bleedeth, and ſheddeth his

preti-

pretious blood, to cleanſe you from ſinne, and ſo to ſaue you from Satan: drinke vp in faith the droppings of his blood, and moiſten your ſoules therwith: eate him and chew him: for he is the bread of life, which whoſoeuer eateth, he ſhal neuer hunger anie more.

Bidde warre to old Adam, proclaime battel againſt the ſubtile ſerpent, and fight like good ſouldiers of Chriſt crucified, againſt ſinne: that death and hel being put to the foile, by the ſtrength of your valiant captaine, you may at length be regiſtred among the bleſſed Saints of God for euer.

But if al this wil not moue thee, ô fooliſh creature, to repentance:

pentance: neither the miserable seruice of Satan, nor the horrible end of sinne, nor the maiestie or mercie of Iesus Christ, nor the villanie that sin wrought vnto him, which al ought to be forcible motiues, and sufficient retentiues from sinne: yet consider a while the condition of sinners, which of al other is most miserable.

For first, they are Gods enimies, euen such rebellious enimies, as with open armes in Satans quarrel, vnder corrupt nature, as their souereigne, resist Gods gouernment: which thing, ô sinful man, is of al other most horrible, to be Gods enimie, to be at war with God, to be hated of the most mighty,

tie, puiſſant, and omnipotent Lord of hoſts.

Neither doe ſinners, by warring againſt the honor of God vnder ſinne and Satan, onelie purchaſe the anger and hatred of God vpon their heads: but alſo they greeue the courtiers of Ieruſalem, which is aboue, and put the Angels and Saints of God to great greefe and ſorowe.

For if that they reioice at the conuerſion of a ſinner, and be glad when the loſt grote is found, and the ſtraieng ſheepe brought to the ſheepfold: then what griefe, what ſorowe, what heauines doe ſinners purchaſe vnto them, when being loſt, they wil not be found: and being

ing ſtraieng ſheepe, they wil not be brought to the ſheepefold of grace againe.

And here it may pleaſe al ſinners to conſider, that as repenting we gladden the Angels and Saints of God, and make the diuel to repine and greeue: ſo, when we commit ſinne, and decline from the right line of righteouſnes, then do we keepe wakes for the diuel, then doth he hop for ioie, when we defraud the good Angels of God of their ioie.

Theſe irreuocable ſinners, theſe the Lord doth hate, as vtter enimies: yea, rotten and ſtinking carion is more ſweete before men, than is ſuch a ſoule before God and his Angels.

And

And therefore let al ſuch repent, not onelie becauſe they are iniurious to God, and offenſiue to the good: but alſo becauſe they are ſtinking creatures, and ſuch as the Lord neither may nor wil abide, vnles they returne vnto him in ſackcloth and aſhes: and therefore repent and amend.

Secondlie, thoſe ſinners that ſtop their eares againſt the retrait of theſe motiues, let them conſider their woonderous follie. For ſinne is the dung of the old ſerpent, & he that ſinneth for the vileſt thing that is, forſaketh the moſt pretious iewel in heauen and earth.

For what doth mans ſoule loſe by ſinne? from whom departeth

parteth ſhe? from whom doth ſhe ſeparate her ſelfe? euen from God her maker, her redeemer and Sauior: yea, when ſhe ſinneth, ſhe forſaketh ſaluation, and her owne ſafetie, ſhe runneth into the ſtinking lap of the diuel her deſperate aduerſarie, and haſteneth her ſelfe vnto hel.

Yea, by ſinne the kingdome of the diuel is enlarged: for he that committeth ſinne, is the ſeruant of ſinne. And what if I ſaie that ſinne maketh man like to Satan? for whatſoeuer deformitie or filth is in the diuel, that is by ſinne: of the which if the diuel might bee freed, he were a noble and excellent creature. Euen ſo the ſoule

ſoule of man, by ſinne is made filthie and deformed like the diuel. And what an iniurie is this to God, that by ſinne, of his owne image, we ſhould make the image of the diuel?

Repent therefore, and conſider thirdlie, that it gladdeneth the diuel to ſee vs ſinne, becauſe thereby we become his dwelling houſe. Now, how curſed a thing is ſinne, which maketh the temple of God the temple of Satan? what follie: nay, what madnes is it to lodge the diuel in our harts, and to driue Chriſt and his holie ſpirit out of doores?

Why ſhould man deale ſo vnthankfullie with him, that being God, came from the top of

of the heauens to this vallie of miſerie, to take mans fleſh vpon him, that he might be his Ieſus? or why ſhould we ſinne, and by continual ſinning, bid adue to the ſpirit of holines, and harbor Satan in our harts? ſhal he, by whome al creatures were made glorious, by ſinne be baniſhed far from vs? and he, by whom al creatures were deformed, be lodged within vs?

But tel me, ô man, Chriſt is ſaluation, life, ioie, loue, and al in al: the diuel is the father of death, a murderer, a manſlaier, a tyrant, a prince of darknes, the worker of wo. Now anſwer, doeſt thou like better of death, than of life: of paine, than

than of ioie : of hatred, than loue : of damnation, than ſaluation: and of hel, than of heauen? if thou do, then ſhalt thou depart curſed into the euerlaſting fire. But if thou doe prefer Ieſus Chriſt, with his ineſtimable bleſſings, before Satan: then why doeſt thou walowe in ſinne, which is the onelie waie to preferre Satan in this world, & to eſtabliſh his kingdome of darknes?

Wherfore, ô miſerable man, repent and amend: conſider, that Ieſus Chriſt, like an euangelical henne, neuer ceaſeth clocking to gather thee vnder his wings like a chicken: let him not clocke & cal in vaine, neither be thou like vnto them

that

that stop their eares against the charmer, charme he neuer so wisely.

Consider that God created thee wholie to serue him, with al thy hart, soule, strength, and power: remember that thou at baptisme diddest vow and swere obedience to his name: remember that before GOD, and al the band of his holie Angels and Saints, thou didst renounce Satan, and al his works: and repent, vnles thou wilt haue God and al his heauenlie citizens, at the daie of reuelation, to giue sentence of condemnation against thy periurie.

And why, ô miserable man, shouldest thou breake thy faith giuen

giuen to God in baptiſme ? it is not an oth to be repented. For the ſeruice of the Lord is onelie mans ſafetie, as the ſeruice of Satan is the onlie cauſe of mans miſerie.

The gailor that held vs in a ſlauiſh and ſpiritual Aegypt, was not Pharao, but the diuel, and that for ſinne : and therefore, if we couet to inhabit the land of promiſe, and to liue in libertie, free from calamitie, it ſtandeth vs vpon to returne vnto the Lord, who is onelie able, by his outſtretched arme to ſaue and defend vs, from the miſerable ſeruitude of ſo tyrannous a ruler.

Againe, al the ſpirits in hel may curſe the filthie bondage of

of ſinne, by ſeruice whereof they are in torments, and ſhal continue in paines vnſpeakable for euermore. The Saints and holie ones of God are in bliſſe, in ioie: yea, in ſuch ioie, as neither eie hath ſeene, nor eare heard, nor hart euer conceiued. And why? euen becauſe they repented, forſooke ſinne, and did the wil of God in heauen. For they onlie haue entred, and ſhal enter into the kingdome of heauen, that doe the wil of our heauenlie father.

Therefore, ſith his wil, is our ſanctification, innocencie of life, puritie in conuerſation, vprightnes of hart, abſtinence from the luſts of the fleſh: if that wee hope to enioie the ioies

ioies of heauen, and to eſcape the paines of hel, let vs ſhew our ſelues repentant from henceforth, doing good, and eſchewing euil, by al meanes poſſible.

Conſidering withal, that as it is the moſt miſerable thing in the world, to be like the diuel: ſo it is the moſt bleſſed eſtate, to be like Ieſus Chriſt, to the which we are thus exhorted: Be ye holie, as I am holie. And ſurelie, how ſhal we hope, as members to liue with Ieſus Chriſt our head in heauen, if that by abſtaining from ſinne, we conforme not our ſelues vnto him, whom no man was able to rebuke of ſinne?

And therefore here I cite al ſorts of men to conſider of their eſtate, to remember thoſe dangerous daies, to beware of the craftie conueiances of Satan, and to folowe the good ſhepheard Ieſus Chriſt, who goeth before his ſheepe, and whom we ought to folowe, if we be, or wiſh to be numbred among his ſheepe.

Giue a farewel to the old man, depart from corrupt Adam, ſerue ſinne and Satan no more: but endeuour, as far as the frailtie of the fleſh wil ſuffer you, to ſerue Ieſus Chriſt, that in the end of this world, we may be ſet vpon his right hand, as ſheepe, who in the time of our pilgrimage, did giue

giue eare vnto his voice, conforming our ſelues vnto his ſteps, as neere as we could.

Let not the loue of riches, the deſire of any worldlie promotion, or anie thing vnder the ſunne, be it neuer ſo glorious, ſince the Preacher crieth out, & ſaith that al is vanitie, blind the eies of your vnderſtandings, withdrawe your affections, or reſtraine and pul backe your harts from thinking vpon the torments in hel, or the triumphes in heauen: the one appointed as puniſhments for wickednes and iniquitie, the other aſſigned as rewards for righteouſnes and innocencie.

The Lord of his mercie ſo moiſten our harts, that al hard-

nes being taken awaie, wee may with moſt willing conſents ioine hands with Ieſus Chriſt our captaine, againſt Satan, ſinne, the fleſh, and the world: which enimies do bitterlie, and alſo continuallie war againſt vs, and far exceede our ſtrength to reſiſt them, vnles that we forſake them, and ſhrowd ourſelues vnder Chriſt Ieſus, to whom be al glorie both now and for euer, Amen.

A praier vnto almightie God, *wherein we beſeech* his diuine Maieſtie, ſo to bleſſe vs *with his grace, that the vſe of the praiers* conteined in this booke, and the *wholeſome leſſons compriſed in the* ſame, may take Chriſtian *effect in vs, to our great* comfort at al aſ*ſaies, and eſpecia*lie in time *of neceſſi*tie.

O Father of endles mercie, ỹ fountaine and welſpring of al perfect happines, the giuer of grace, the beſtower of true

bleſſednes & felicitie: heare vs, ô heare vs for thy bottomleſſe compaſſion ſake, & grant vnto vs, we humbly beſeech thee, whatſoeuer wanteth in vs towards the accompliſhment of our calling and dutie.

And becauſe thy holie word the trumpet of truth, & treaſure of great riches, hath in expreſſe ſpeech threatened manie ſtripes to that negligent ſeruant, which knoweth thy wil, and yet doth it not: vouchſafe vs, and as manie of vs as are inſtructed & taught, and thereby perceiue and vnder-

vnderſtand thy heauenlie pleaſure, endeuouring to walke thereafter, may auoid that penaltie of negligence, which is denounced againſt ỹ idle ſeruant: thy grace preuenting vs in al our actions and intents.

We can not denie, but that the ſaieng of thy welbeloued ſon, the ſubſtance of truth, and liuelie image of thine owne maieſtie, is vndoubted, certaine, and infallible: namelie, that not euerie one which crieth Lord, Lord, ſhal enter into the kingdome of heauen: but he which fulfilleth thy

wil: & forſaking the world, and al worldlie pompe, betaketh himſelfe wholie vnto the ſeruice of thee, and ſubmitteth himſelf a ſcholer in thy ſchoole, where learning ſound & ſubſtantial knowledge, he may be the more in loue with the riches of thy kingdome, and bid al earthlie vanities auant.

Now (moſt merciful father) for that the helpes to holines of life are infinite: ſome, and thoſe ſingular, conſiſting in thy Goſpel preached: ſome, and thoſe notable, in ſinceritie of con-

conuerſation, and examples of godlines expreſſed: ſome, and thoſe ſpecial, in exhortations tending vnto Chriſtianitie declared: ſome, and thoſe heauenlie, in praiers and ſupplications conteined: may it pleaſe thee, of thine vnſpeakable goodnes, ô merciful Father, to giue vs grace ſo to imprint them in our memories, and to haue them ſealed in our harts, that the courſe of our whole life may teſtifie to the world, that thy gifts in vs are not void and fruſtrate, barren and fruteles,

vaine and vnuſed. Leaſt being otherwiſe, it chaunce vnto vs, as vnto him that knitting vp his talent in a napkin, & hiding the ſame in the ground, had not onlie the ſame taken from him, but was alſo caſt into vtter darknes for his idlenes & vnprofitable ſeruice.

Among al which helps, ô eternal God, and faithful ouerſeer of our ſoules, for that this, which wee haue in hand, is not of leaſt account, ſince thereout wee ſuck the ſweet ſap of comfort, the aſſiſtance of thy ſpirit being preſent with vs:

vs : we beſeech thee with al ſubmiſſion, to direct our vnderſtandings, to increaſe our faith, to confirme our hope, to kindle our zeale, to guide al our affections, and to gouerne the whole courſe of our life : that exerciſing our ſelues in this, or anie other godlie volume, publiſhed for the edification of thy Church, we may vſe it and them with integritie & vprightnes of iudgement, with deuotion void of hypocriſie, with faithful inuocation, with humilitie and ſubmiſſion: that inuring ourſelues

to

to praier vnfainedlie, wee may obteine that which we praie for effectualy, and for the ſame miniſtred vnto vs in time of neceſſitie, with hart and voice extol thy moſt dredful maieſtie: to whome be al honour, glorie, power and dominion euerlaſtinglie: To this let al people ſaie Amen moſt ioifulie: Amen.

FINIS.

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Glorie to God:

AMEN.

FINIS.

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